* July 5, 1947

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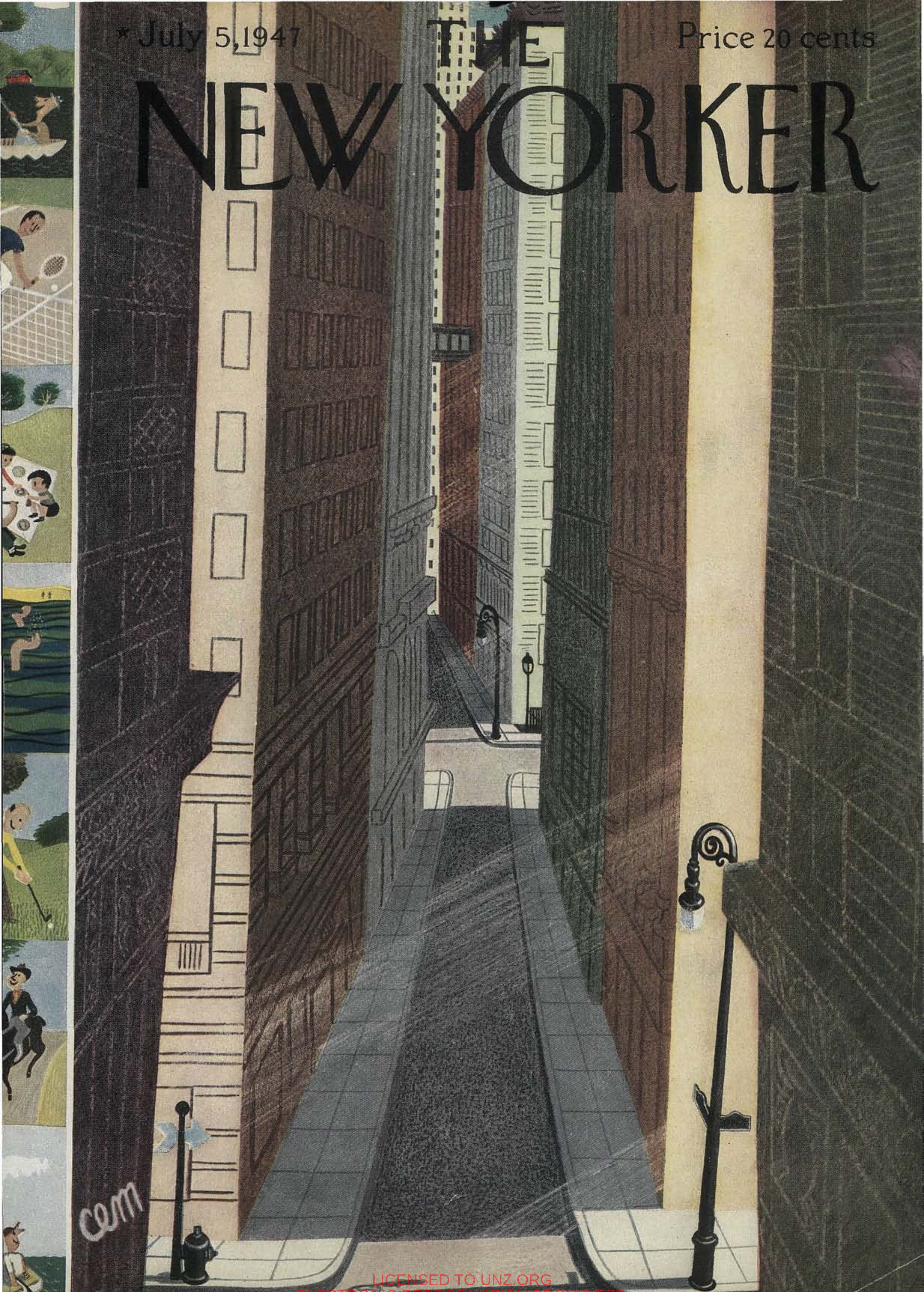
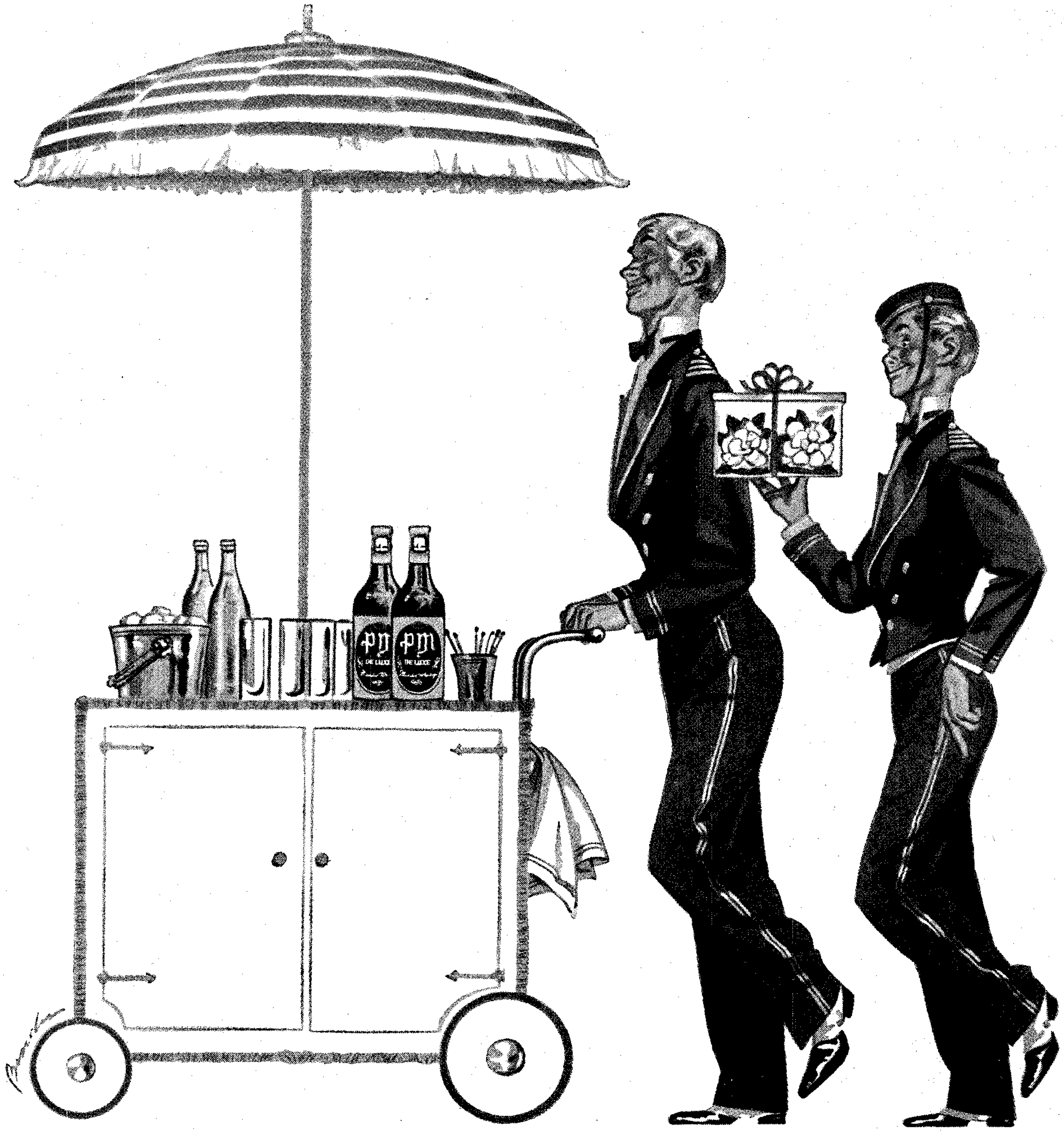
THE NEW YORKER





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their matinée schedules because of Fourth of July. There may be further changes, so you'd do well to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All My Sons—This play by Arthur Miller concerning a war profiteer and his family suffers from plot trouble and a superabundance of rhetoric, but its intensity may interest you. Winner of this year's Drama Critics Circle Award. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Friday, July 4.)

Burlesque—A funny and touching revival of the 1927 play dealing with a comedian who can't stand success. Bert Lahr does a fine, characteristic job. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Happy Birthday—Without Helen Hayes, this would be just another comedy about a plain girl who becomes the belle of the ball, but it does have Miss Hayes and she is superb. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

John Loves Mary—A smooth, waxy piece of hokum having to do with a soldier's postwar difficulties, helped no little by smart direction and an expert cast. Loring Smith, Nina Foch, and William Prince. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Love for Love—The John Gielgud company in a good, loud, beautifully acted treatment of Congreve's Restoration classic. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 5.)

Portrait in Black—A mediocre mystery play, or psychological thriller, which doesn't offer much toe hold to Claire Luce, Sidney Blackmer, Donald Cook, and the rest of its talented players. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Friday, July 4.)

A Young Man's Fancy—Something about the reformation of a sissy at a boy's summer camp. You may as well skip it. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Friday, July 4.)

Long Runs—**born yesterday:** Judy Holliday in the role of an enlightened tramp. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Friday, July 4.) . . . **harvey:** Frank Fay and that six-foot, invisible rabbit. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Friday, July 4.) . . . **life with father:** *Old Man River.* Now with Brandon Peters and Mary Loane. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **state of the union:** Republican politics and principles. With Ralph Bellamy and Kay Francis. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **the voice of the turtle:** The John van Druten play about a sergeant and his two girls. Louisa Horton, Peggy French, and Boyd Crawford are the cast these days. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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MUSICALS

Barefoot Boy with Cheek—A college musical that bears one of the heaviest loads of gags ever assumed in modern times but remains fairly sprightly, thanks to Nancy Walker, Billy Redfield, and George Abbott's direction. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 5.)

Brigadoon—A good-looking and tuneful show, of Scottish persuasion. It is full of nice people, among them David Brooks and Pamela Britton, but its laughs are rather too widely spaced. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Finian's Rainbow—A bright, dancing musical, which is hindered rather than helped by a plot that turns a leprechaun loose in a Tobacco Road state. With Dorothy Claire, David Wayne, and Donald Richards. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Medium and **The Telephone**—Two short plays by Gian-Carlo Menotti, in which the actors sing Mr. Menotti's lines to Mr. Menotti's music and do a sharp job of it. Marie Powers, Evelyn Keller, Frank Rogier, and Marilyn Cotlow head the troupe. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

Sweethearts—Bobby Clark tears this ancient and anemic Victor Herbert operetta to shreds and remakes it into something nearer his own heart's desire and the public's. A very funny show when the star is on the stage, as he is almost constantly. June Knight, Mark Dawson, and Marjorie Gateson help fill in the gaps. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**annie get your gun:** The celebrated Miss Oakley, polished to a shine by Ethel Merman and Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **call me mister:** Life as it never was in the Army—or on the outside, either. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **oklahoma!:** Now and apparently forevermore. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays, except July 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special *matinée Friday, July 4.*)

MISCELLANY

Icetime of 1948—Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, July 4.)

Children's Opera Company—Presenting "Hansel and Gretel." (Central Park Mall. Tuesday evening, July 8, at 7:30.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(In this listing, you may find a summer theatre within a reasonable distance of where you happen to be in the country. Dates and program schedules are often subject to revision.)

Abingdon—Thursday, July 3: "Arsenic and Old Lace." Friday and Saturday, July 4-5: "John Loves Mary." Monday and Tuesday, July 7-8: "Payment Deferred." Wednesday and Thursday, July 9-10: "The Importance of Being Earnest." Friday and Saturday, July 11-12: "Arsenic and Old Lace." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Bar Harbor—Through Saturday, July 5: Jane Cowl in "The First Mrs. Fraser." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: Mady Christians in "Papa Is All." (Bar Harbor Playhouse, Bar Harbor, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Fridays at 2:30.)

Bennington—Through Saturday, July 5: "Junior Miss." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: "Charley's Aunt." (Bennington Drama Festival, Bennington, Vt. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Beverly—Through Saturday, July 5: Frank McHugh in "Ah, Wilderness." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: John Carradine in "A Bill of Divorcement." (Beverly Summer Theatre, Beverly, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Boothbay—Through Saturday, July 5: "Arsenic and Old Lace." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: "Candida." (Boothbay Playhouse, Boothbay, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Fridays at 2:15.)

Brattleboro—Through Saturday, July 5: "Junior Miss." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: Ruth Chatterton in "The Little Foxes." (Brattleboro Summer Theatre, Brattleboro, Vt. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Bridgehampton—Through Saturday, July 5: "Joan of Lorraine." Tuesday through Saturday, July 8-12: "Papa Is All." (Hampton Playhouse, Bridgehampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40.)

Bridgton—Through Saturday, July 5: "Dear Ruth." Tuesday through Saturday, July 8-12: "Night Must Fall." (Riverside Theatre,

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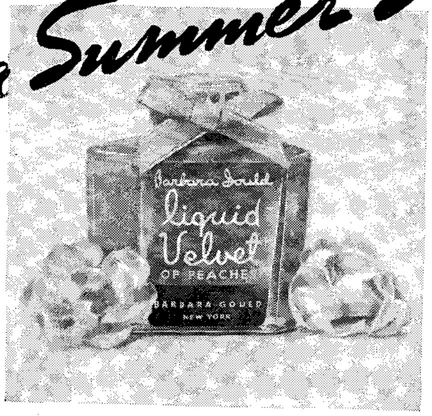
Gown by Rose Barrack

Be a Summer Siren



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AIDS TO LOVELINESS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Bridgton, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

Burlington—Through Sunday, July 6: Freddie Bartholomew in "The Hasty Heart." Tuesday through Sunday, July 8-13: "Peg o' My Heart." (St. Michael's Playhouse, Burlington, Vt. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Cape May—Through Saturday, July 5: Ann Corio in "Dear Ruth." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: Freddie Bartholomew in "The Hasty Heart." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays at 3; special matinée Friday, July 4.)

Clinton, Conn.—Through Saturday, July 5: "Kiss Them for Me." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: "Personal Appearance." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Clinton, N.J.—Through Saturday, July 5: John Carradine in "A Bill of Divorcement." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: "Claudia." (Music Hall, Clinton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Clinton Hollow—Through Sunday, July 13: "In Love with Love." (Provincetown Theatre, Clinton Hollow, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays and Tuesdays, at 8:45.)

Cooperstown—Through Sunday, July 6: "Belinda." Thursday through Sunday, July 10-13: "March Hares." (Duke's Oak Theatre, Cooperstown, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, at 8:45.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, July 5: Constance Bennett in "Over 21." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: Lillian Gish in "The Marquise." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, July 5: The Hartmans in a musical-comedy tryout, "Heaven Help the Angels." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: Judith Evelyn in "There's Always Juliet." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45.)

Germantown—Through Sunday, July 6: Elissa Landi in "Theatre." Tuesday through Sunday, July 8-13: "The Male Animal." (Sail Loft Theatre, Germantown, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Gloucester—Through Saturday, July 5: "Candlelight." Tuesday through Saturday, July 8-12: "Three Men on a Horse." (Bass Rocks Summer Theatre, Gloucester, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:45.)

Great Neck—Through Saturday, July 5: Leatrice Joy in "The Vinegar Tree." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: "Kind Lady." (Chapel Theatre, Great Neck, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Greenwich—Through Saturday, July 5: Imogene Coca in "Candlelight." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: "Charley's Aunt." (Greenwich Playhouse, Greenwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Guilford—Through Saturday, July 5: Haila Stoddard in "Dream Girl." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: Buddy Ebsen in "The Male Animal." (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, July 5: William Harrigan in "Years Ago." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: Richard Arlen in "State of the Union." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Kennebunkport—Through Saturday, July 5: Nina Vale in "Private Lives." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: "Papa Is All." (Playhouse, Kennebunkport, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Marblehead—Through Saturday, July 5: Lucille Ball in "Dream Girl." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: Miriam Hopkins in "There's Always Juliet." (North Shore Players, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:45.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, July 5: "Dear Ruth." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

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Middlebury—Through Saturday, July 12: "The Curtain Rises." (Green Mountain Playhouse, Middlebury, Vt. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mount Kisco—Through Saturday, July 5: Mady Christians in "Papa Is All." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: Louise Allbritton in "Love from a Stranger." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: "Dear Ruth." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Moylan—Thursday, July 3: "Twelfth Night." Friday matinée, July 4, at 2: "The Inheritors." Friday evening, July 4: "The Devil's Disciple." Saturday, July 5: "An American Tragedy." Wednesday, July 9: "The Emperor Jones." Thursday, July 10: "Among Ourselves." Friday, July 11: "Uncle Vanya." Saturday, July 12: "The Inheritors." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, Mondays, and Tuesdays, at 8:30.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, July 5: Bela Lugosi in "Arsenic and Old Lace." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: Bramwell Fletcher in the American première of a London play, "Grand National Night." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New Milford—Through Sunday, July 6: "Catch on the Wing." Wednesday through Sunday, July 9-13: "Dear Ruth." (Theatre-in-the-Dale, New Milford, Conn. Nightly, except Mondays and Tuesdays, at 8:45.)

Newport—Through Saturday, July 5: "The Late George Apley." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: "Made in Heaven." (Newport Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, July 5: Ruth Chatterton in "The Little Foxes." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: ZaSu Pitts in "The Late Christopher Bean." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, July 6: "The Bachelor Father." Tuesday through Sunday, July 8-13: "Dear Ruth." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Princeton—Through Saturday, July 5: Miriam Hopkins in "There's Always Juliet." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry." (Princeton Drama Festival, McCarter Theatre, Princeton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Provincetown—Through Saturday, July 5: "Desire Under the Elms." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: "Is Life Worth Living?" (Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Ridgefield—Through Saturday, July 5: "Rip Van Winkle." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: "Out of the Frying Pan." (Ridgefield Summer Theatre, Ridgefield, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Saratoga Springs—Tuesday through Sunday, July 8-13: Helen McKellar and Julie Haydon in "The Glass Menagerie." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:35.)

Sayville—Through Sunday, July 6: "Candida." Tuesday through Sunday, July 8-13: "Dear Ruth." (Playhouse, Sayville, L.I. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45.)

Sea Cliff—Through Sunday, July 6: "Dear Ruth." Tuesday through Sunday, July 8-13: "Portrait of Irish." (Sea Cliff Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, July 5: "Through a Glass Darkly." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: "Made in Heaven." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Friday, July 4.)

Smithtown Branch—Through Sunday, July 6: Margaret Wycherly in "The Glass Menagerie." Tuesday through Sunday, July 8-13: "Dear Ruth." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, July 5: Martha Scott in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: "Junior Miss." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Suffern—Through Saturday, July 5: William Eythe in "The Glass Menagerie." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: Arlene Francis in "Candlelight." (County Theatre, Suffern, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

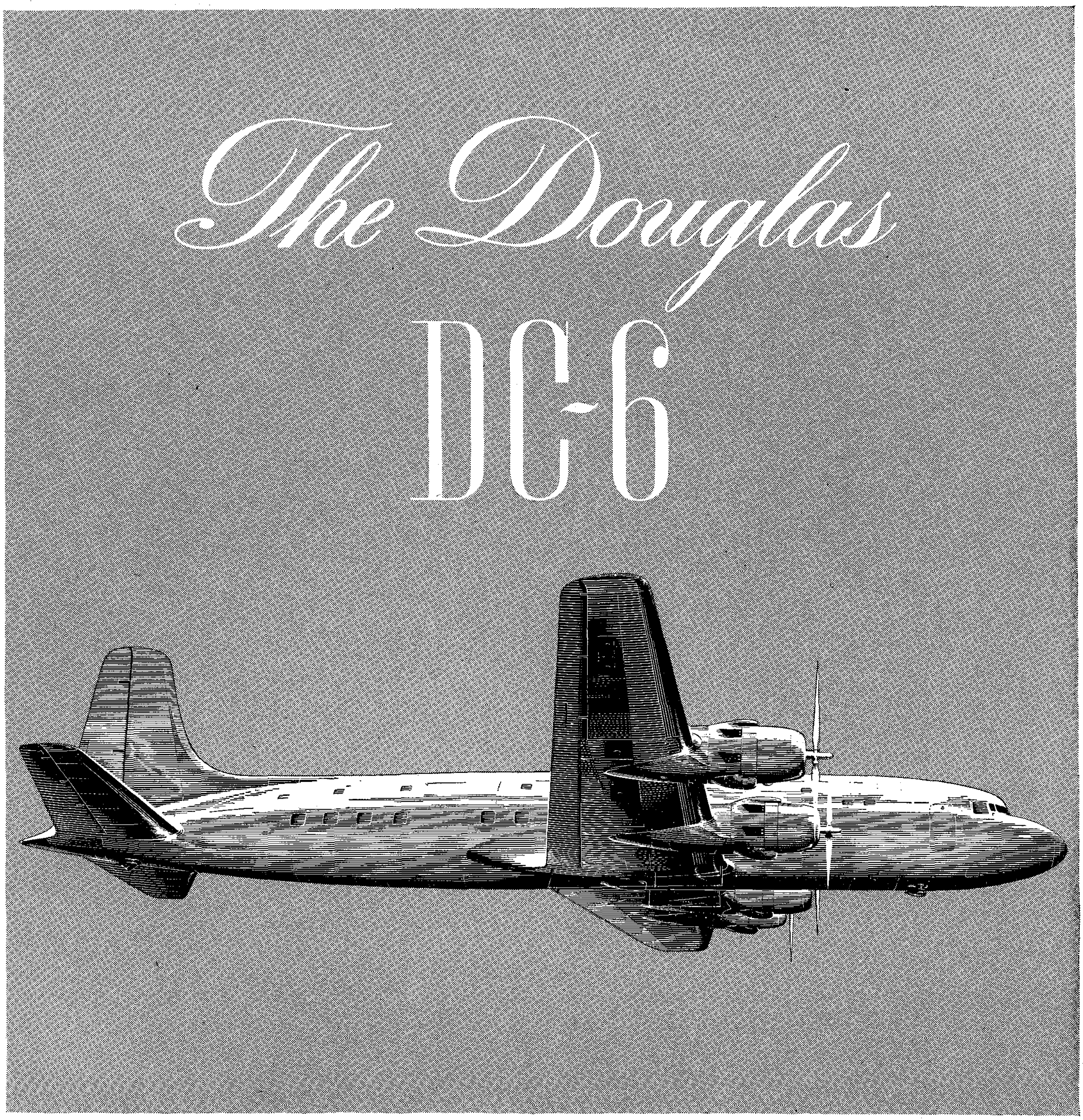
Westboro—Through Sunday, July 6: "Suds in Your Eye." Tuesday through Sunday, July 8-13: "Heaven Can Wait." (Red Barn Theatre, Westboro, Mass. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.)

Westport—Through Saturday, July 5: June Havoc in "The Girl of the Golden West." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: William Eythe in "French Without Tears." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Whitefield—Tuesday through Saturday, July 8-12: "I Like It Here." (Chase Barn, Whitefield, N.H. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, July 6: "The Fatal Weakness." Tuesday through Sunday, July 8-13: Clarence Derwent in "Topaze." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45.)

Yardley—Through Saturday, July 5: "The Male Animal." Monday through Saturday,



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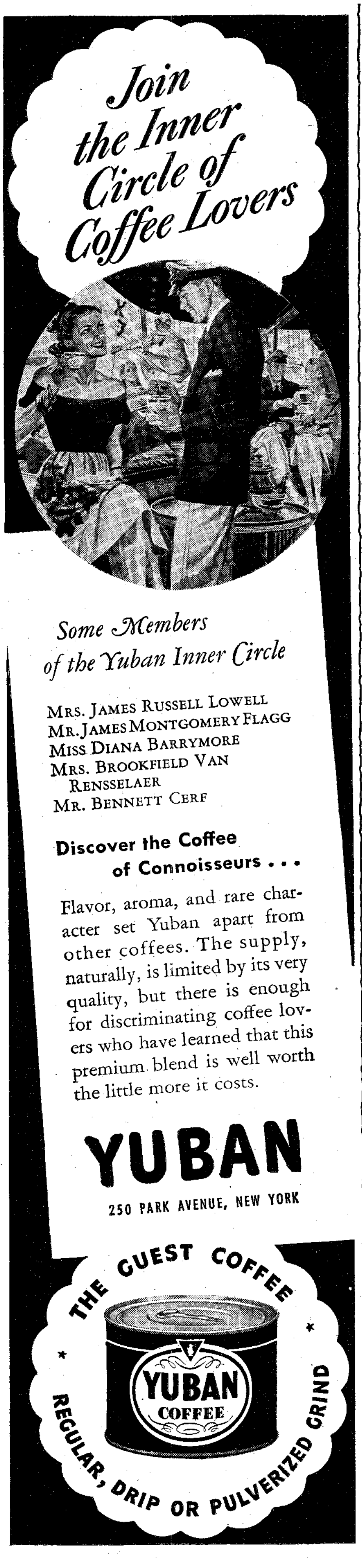
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

July 7-12: Uta Hagen in "Twentieth Century." (Yardley Theatre, Yardley, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A listing of some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—Deep and cool as an old apple cellar, but somewhat more opulent. Basil Fomeen's orchestra.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The Cascades, on the nineteenth floor, offers profuse greenery, songs by wakeful canaries, Cardini, the magician, and dancing to Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

MONTE CARLO, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—It only *looks* like a Coney Island fun house; in other respects it's a smoothly functioning establishment, with piano music during dinner and Joel Shaw's dance orchestra afterward.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

ST. REGIS ROOF, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—About the last word in summer verandas, with chandeliers, plenty of room to dance, and no mosquitoes. Paul Sparr's orchestra.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—In the urbane Café Lounge, Irving Conn's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band play non-stop music. Tea dancing every afternoon.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Flourishing here is Myrus, the fellow who does mind reading, surely one of the most optimistic night-club acts yet devised. Carl Ravazza, who attempts nothing more mysterious than crooning, will take over on Wednesday, July 9. Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The vast Starlight Roof, cozy as a flight deck, has a small show after the theatre, and dancing all evening to Griff Williams' orchestra. Starting Monday, July 7, Guy Lombardo's elaborate outfit will be in charge. Mischa Borr's band helps out around midnight. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Piano playing after nine o'clock by Cy Walter, and at cocktails and dinner by Les Crosley. . . . **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Sprightly music by Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band in this brisk corner. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Earl Fox at the piano after ten-thirty. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' piano music. (Closed on Saturdays and Sundays during the summer.) . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): After ten, Walter Gross at the piano. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Casual piano music and a lot of chatter. . . . **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): George Kent at the piano until nine. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A pleasant and un-Sheridan Square mixture of Latin atmosphere and Latin music. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Mary Lou Williams, who feels her way around a keyboard with a great deal of ingenuity and discernment. Buck Clayton's orchestra.

BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): Closed until Tuesday, July 8, when a show involving Lou Holtz, Bert Wheeler, Barry Wood, Patsy Kelly, and Diosa Costello will come to roost. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Mitzi Green and Mel Tormé (a singer, not a dessert), along with the customary floor show. Dance music by Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Sophie Tucker will be supplanted on Tuesday, July 8, by Willie Howard and a new floor show.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.)

RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): Judy Magee, the Cedric Wallace Trio, and other energetic young people. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Maxine Sullivan and the Three Flames, brightening this jaunty tunnel. Dancing. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (EL 5-9215): A ramshackle old bird-nest where, if you go late in the evening, you will hear Spivy shouting her familiar songs about life's uncertainties.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-8736): A convenient combination of chophouse and hot-music hall, offering Georg Brunis, Wild Bill Davison, Joe Sullivan, and others of the same cut. On Tuesday evenings, associate professors of the art are likely to drop in for a turn. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Ernie Caceres, Muggsy Spanier, and their colleagues, all working at what can truthfully be called full blast. Thursday night is visitors' night here. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Bud Freeman's trio, which includes Cozy Cole, turning out an amiable din. A jam session every Monday evening. . . . **FAMOUS DOOR**, 56 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8148): Jack Teagarden and a new band, made up of Max Kaminsky, Jack Lesberg, and a couple of others. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Dave Tough, Bill Harris, and Flip Phillips are the head men in a very lively little band. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8773): Eddie Heywood's orchestra.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000): Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Skitch Henderson's orchestra.

SUMMER SPOTS

ST. MORITZ ROOF, 50 Central Park S. (WI 2-5800): Way up near the stars and the moon and the advertising blimp. Alfred Menconi's orchestra. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN**, Central Park W. at 67th St. (RH 4-4700): The boskiest dell south of 110th Street; dance music. . . . **CLAREMONT INN**, Riverside Dr. at 124th St. (MO 2-8600): A good vantage point for a study of the palisades; dancing. . . . **BOSSERT ROOF**, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100): Shining like a tea tray in the Brooklyn sky; dancing.

OUT OF TOWN

DANCING AT NEARBY PLACES—**GLEN ISLAND CASINO**, New Rochelle (New Rochelle 6-6500): Bobby Byrne's and Noro Morales' orchestras. . . . **CHANTICLER**, Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Maximillian Bergere's orchestra.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY—Some comfortable places to dine within motoring distance of the city—**BETHPAGE, L.I.**: Beau Sejour (Hicksville 91). . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.**: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016). . . . **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.**: Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on weekends. . . . **MANHASSET, L.I.**: Mori (Manhasset 1842). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.**: Rothmann's (Oyster Bay 266). . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.**: Villa Victor (Syosset 1706). . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.**: Westbury Manor (Westbury 839). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.**: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 342). . . . **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.**: Old Drovers' Inn (Dover Plains 2781). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.**: Boni's Inn (Beacon 167). . . . **WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.**: Wendover Farms (Wappingers Falls 451). . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.**: Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031). . . . **DANBURY, CONN.**: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 4548). . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.**: Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 932), and Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232). . . . **WESTON, CONN.**: Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330). . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.**: Red Barn (Westport 2-3971). . . . **NORWALK, CONN.**: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588).

ART

(Most galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5:30 and 6 P.M. Mondays through

Fridays. Unless otherwise noted, they will be closed on July 4.)

All-Summer Shows—At the BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.: Works by Ryder, Blakelock, and other nineteenth-century Americans, as well as by some moderns. . . . CHINESE, 38 E. 57th St.: An exhibition by Ralph Rosenborg, George Constant, and other artists affiliated with this gallery. . . . MILCH, 108 W. 57th St.: Leon Kroll, Maurice Sterne, Stephen Etnier, and others of the gallery's artists. . . . KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings. . . . ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57th St.: Oils by Max Weber, Milton Avery, and other contemporary painters, and some nineteenth-century French work. . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: Paintings by French and American nineteenth-century artists, including Degas, Pissarro, Cézanne, and Homer.

Paul Klee—A set of exquisite little drawings, dating mostly from the early nineteen-twenties and newly arrived in this country. (Nierendorf, 53 E. 57th St.; through July 31.)

Sidnee Livingston—Tranquil figure paintings and landscapes. (Salpeter, 128 E. 56th St. Weekdays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through July 5.)

Groups—At the CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57th St.: The gallery's usual exhibitors; through July 18. . . . DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: A summer survey of this gallery's activities, in the fields of both contemporary painting and folk art; through Aug. 8. . . . MACBETH, 11 E. 57th St.: The gallery's group, including Joseph de Martini, Ogden Pleissner, and Carl Gaertner; through July 31. . . . MIDTOWN, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by Doris Rosenthal, Waldo Peirce, and others, selected from last season's shows; through July 25. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57th St.: The gallery's group, including B. J. O. Nordfeldt, Amédée Ozenfant, and others; through July 25. . . . PERLS, 32 E. 58th St.: Nahum Tschacbasov, Darrel Austin, and the gallery's other painters; through July 3. . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Works, ranging from the representational to the abstract, by fifteen painters and three sculptors; through July 18. . . . WEYHE, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Pieces by William Pechner, Ruth Gikow, Don Manfredi, and others; through July 9. . . . LEVITT, 16 W. 57th St.: Water colors by Virginia Berresford, Isaac Lane Muse, and others; through July 11.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Part of the Museum's collection of stone portrait sculpture, from ancient Egyptian pieces to present-day ones. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays and Friday, July 4, 1 to 5 P.M.; through the summer.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A loan show of modern Jewish paintings, in addition to an interesting display of ceremonial objects. (Sundays, Mondays, and Wednesdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2 to 9 P.M.; through the summer.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Dutch paintings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries looted from Holland by the Nazis, recovered by the U.S. Army, and now here on loan from the Netherlands government; through July 31. . . . ¶ An exhibition of sculptures by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans; through the summer. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays and Friday, July 4, 1 to 5 P.M.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Fifty-eight paintings in oil and other media, commissioned by Nathan M. Ohrbach, in an ambitious but rather unfruitful attempt to picture New York. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through the summer.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An Alfred Stieglitz memorial exhibition, covering his career both as photographer and as art patron and dealer. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Thursdays, until 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.; through Aug. 31.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54th St.—A comprehensive and well-organized showing of works by Laszlo Moholy-Nagy, formerly one of the leaders of the Bauhaus group, who died last year. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Friday, July 4, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through July 10.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony concerts at Lewisohn Stadium are held on most clear evenings at 8:30. The schedule for this week and next follows. Thursday, July 3: Alexander Smallens conducting, with Lauritz Melchior, tenor. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 5: Robert Stolz conducting, with Margit Bokor, soprano, and Emanuel List, bass. . . . ¶ Monday, July 7: Alexander Smallens conducting a Gershwin program, with Jesús María Sanromá, piano, and Todd Duncan, baritone. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 8: Alexander Smallens conducting, with Irene Jacobi, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 9: Alexander Smallens conducting, with Yara Bernette, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 10: Alexander Smallens conducting, with Joseph Szigeti, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 12: Alexander Smallens conducting an evening of Italian music, with Giuseppe de Luca, baritone; Jan Peerce, tenor; and others. (Tickets at Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St., AU 3-3400; and in the lobby of the Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

OPERA—The **INTERNATIONALE OPERA COMPANY:** Tuesday evening, July 8, at 8:30, "La Tosca;" Thursday evening, July 10, at 8:15, opera to be announced. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.) . . . ¶ **SALMAGGI OPERA COMPANY:** Saturday evening, July 5, at 8:15, "Carmen;" Sunday evening, July 6, at 8:15, "La Traviata;" Saturday evening, July 12, at 8:30, "Il Trovatore." (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ **LEMONADE OPERA:** Sunday through Tuesday evenings, July 6-8, at 8:40, "Don Giovanni," in English. (Greenwich Mews Playhouse, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9360 or WA 9-4868.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting the annual series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, except July 4, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ City Amateur Symphony Orchestra, Leopold Prince conducting. (Saturday evenings, July 5 and 12, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Naumburg Memorial Concert, Rudolf Doblin conducting. (Friday evening, July 4, at 8:15.)

OUT OF TOWN—Chamber music concert by the Gordon String Quartet. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sunday afternoon, July 6, at 4.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **EBBETS FIELD:** Friday, July 4, at 10 A.M. and 2:30 P.M., Dodgers vs. Giants. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, July 5-6, at 2 P.M., Dodgers vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Thursday and Saturday, July 10 and 12, at 2 P.M., and Friday, July 11, at 8:30 P.M., Dodgers vs. Chicago. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Friday, July 4, at 1:30 P.M. (doubleheader), Yankees vs. Washington. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, July 5-6, at 2 P.M., Yankees vs. Philadelphia. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Thursday, July 10, at 8:45 P.M., and Friday and Saturday, July 11-12, at 1:30 P.M. (doubleheaders), Giants vs. St. Louis.

BOXING—Georgie Abrams vs. Steve Belloise, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, July 11. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10.)

DOG SHOW—Rockland County Kennel Club. (Orangeburg, N.Y. Sunday, July 6.)

GOLF—New York State Golf Association Amateur and Senior Championships. (Westchester Country Club, Rye, N.Y. Monday through Saturday, July 7-12.)

HORSE SHOWS—Culpeper Horse Show. (Culpeper, Va. Friday and Saturday, July 4-5.) . . . ¶ York Horse Show. (York, Pa. Friday and Saturday, July 4-5.) . . . ¶ Valley Hunt Club Horse Show. (Bradford, Pa. Friday through Sunday, July 4-6.) . . . ¶ Newburgh Horse Show. (Newburgh, N.Y. Saturday and Sunday, July 5-6.)

POLO—At **BOSTWICK FIELD,** Westbury, L.I.: Sundays and Friday, July 4, at 3:30 P.M.; Handicap Polo Championship Tournament,

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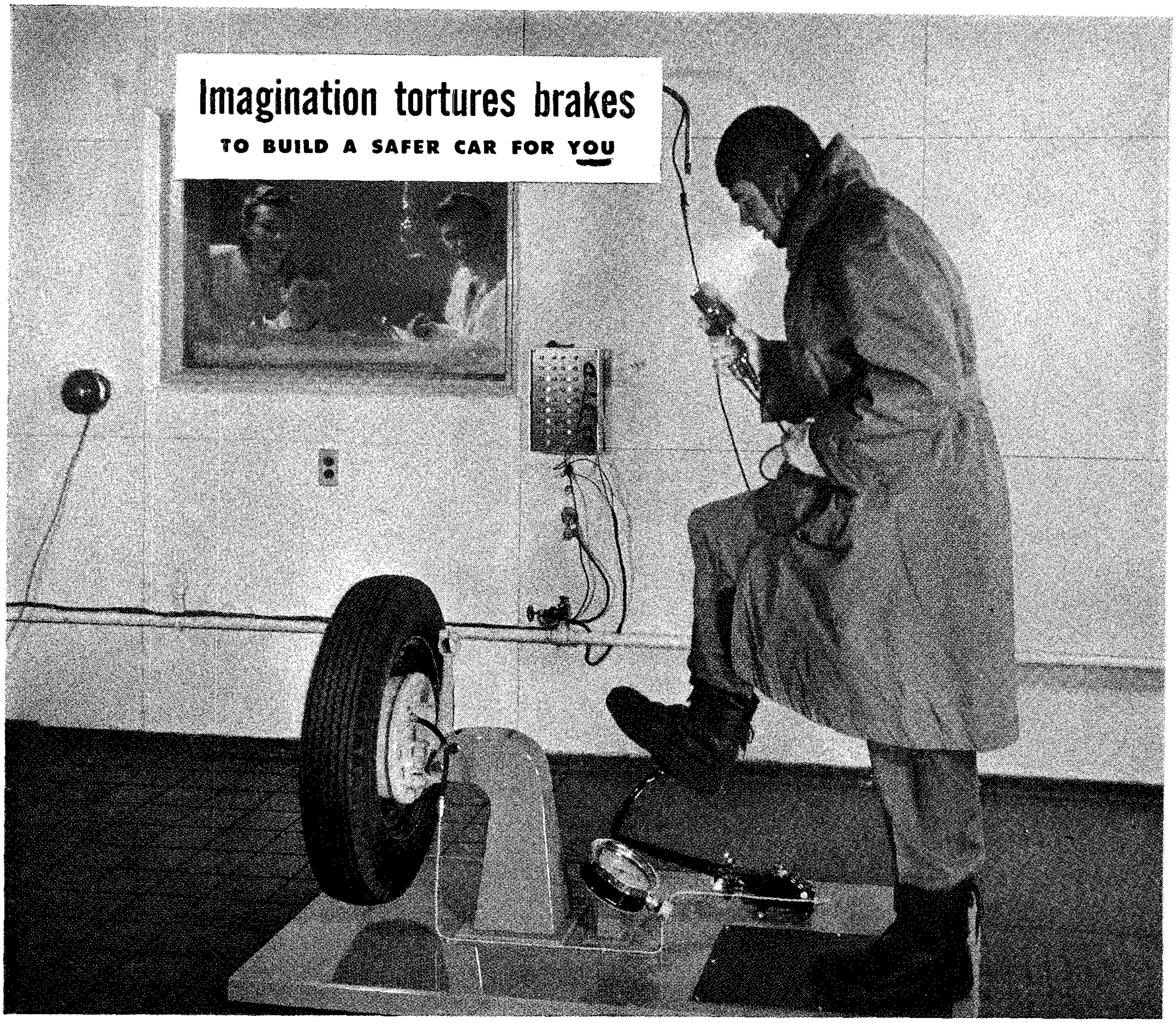

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

starting Sunday, July 6. . . . **MEADOW BROOK CLUB,** Westbury, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase, N.Y.: Sundays and Friday, July 4, at 3:30 P.M. . . . **FAIRFIELD COUNTY HUNT CLUB,** Westport, Conn.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M.

RACING—At **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30 P.M.; through July 30. The Rumson Handicap, July 4; the Lamplighter Handicap, July 5; the Molly Pitcher Handicap, July 12. (A special train leaves Penn Station Mondays through Fridays at 12:25 P.M., and Saturdays at 11:55 A.M.) . . . **EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA:** Weekdays at 1:30 P.M.; through July 19. The Empire City, July 5; the Butler, July 12. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mondays through Fridays between 11:10 A.M. and 1:10 P.M., and Saturdays between 10:47 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.)

TENNIS—Eastern Clay Court Championships. (Jackson Heights Tennis Club, Jackson Heights, L.I., HA 9-9312; starting Saturday, July 12.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury, L.I.: Weekdays at 8:40 P.M. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M.) . . . **SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y.:** Weekdays at 8:15 P.M.; through Aug. 23.

YACHTING—Newport Race Week. (Newport, R.I. Friday through Sunday, July 4-6.) . . . ¶ Larchmont Yacht Club Championship Race. (Larchmont, N.Y. Friday, July 4.) . . . ¶ American Yacht Club Championship Race. (Rye, N.Y. Saturday, July 5.) . . . ¶ Riverside Yacht Club Championship Race. (Riverside, Conn. Sunday, July 6.) . . . ¶ Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Championship Race. (Port Washington, L.I. Saturday, July 12.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—About two hundred visitors may look on during the open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments. Other groups convene in smaller rooms, some of which have simultaneous-interpretation equipment. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, after 3 P.M. on the day before you want to go. Trains to Great Neck are met at frequent intervals by buses to headquarters at Lake Success.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The current show is called "Science Makes Weather." (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays, Sundays, and Friday, July 4, at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; extra performance Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Photographs of New York slums that Jacob Riis, the social reformer, took in the eighteen-nineties. Interesting as examples of early flashlight photography, and contradicting the legend that the old days were good. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through the summer.)

ON THE AIR

PRESIDENT TRUMAN—An Independence Day address from Monticello, Va., Friday, July 4, at 1:30 P.M., all major networks.

GENERAL EISENHOWER—Speaking from Vicksburg, Miss., Friday, July 4, at 1 P.M., WNBC.

UNITED NATIONS—The most important open sessions are broadcast over WNYC.

MUSIC—N.B.C. Symphony, Frank Black conducting, Sunday, July 6, at 5 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ C.B.S. Symphony, Bernard Herrmann conducting, Sunday, July 6, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Lewisohn Stadium concert, Alexander Smallens conducting, Wednesday, July 9, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC.

SPORTS—Golf: Tam O'Shanter All American Open Golf Tournament, at Chicago, Saturday, July 5, at 4:30 and 6:15 P.M., and Sunday, July 6, at 5:55 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Racing: The Empire City, at Jamaica, Saturday, July 5, at 4 P.M., WNBC, WJZ.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Raymond Swing, Sundays at 12:45 P.M., WJZ.

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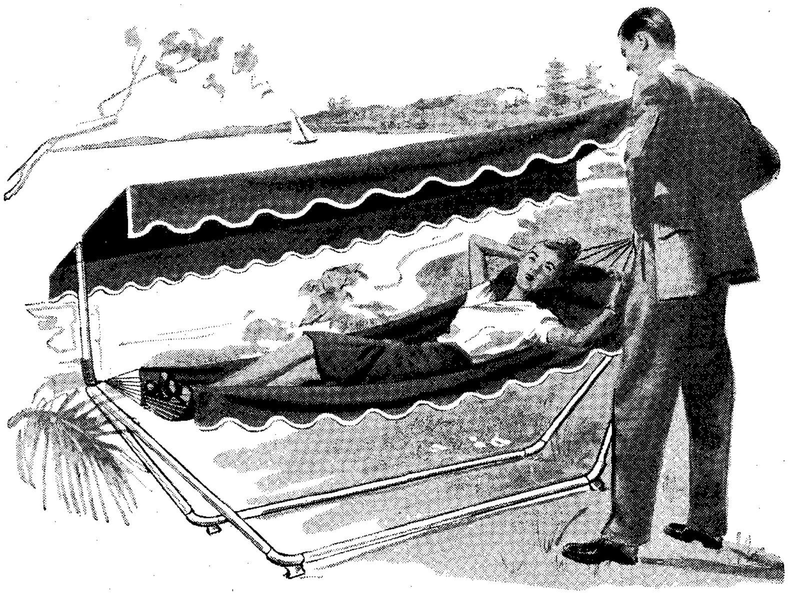

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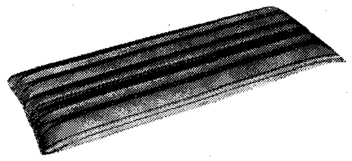

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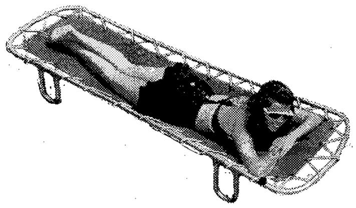

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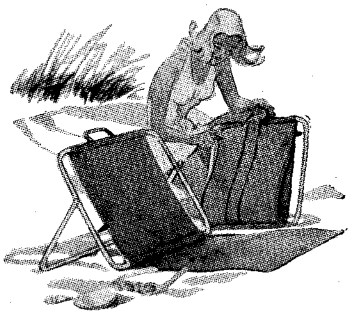

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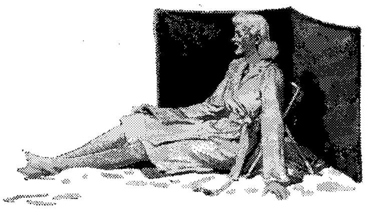

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

The Beginning or the End—The story of the development of the atom bomb, considerably debilitated by a side portion of Hollywood love play. With Brian Donlevy, Robert Walker, and Audrey Totter. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, CH 3-9395; through July 4.)

The Best Years of Our Lives—The postwar difficulties of three veterans. At its best whenever Fredric March is most conspicuous. (Astor, B'way at 45th, CI 6-4642.)

Boomerang!—A first-rate chronicle of an actual Connecticut murder trial. Dana Andrews heads a cast that includes a number of talented amateurs the producer picked up in Stamford where most of the picture was shot. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th, CI 7-0760.)

Brief Encounter—About a married woman and a doctor she meets by chance. An English picture, beautifully played by Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520; July 3.)

Dead of Night—An English excursion into the world of dreams that deals excitingly with all kinds of spooky happenings, including the triumph of a dummy over the ventriloquist who's supposed to be its master. Michael Redgrave heads a cast that knows exactly what it's up to. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through July 4.)

Dear Ruth—A pleasant adaptation of the wartime comedy of a couple of seasons ago. You'll probably like Billy de Wolfe as a civilian trying to keep his girl from giving in to a persuasive bombardier. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, BR 9-8738; through July 8.)

Henry V—Laurence Olivier's version of Shakespeare's historical drama. (Broadway, B'way at 53rd, CI 7-2887; through July 9.)

The Late George Apley—John P. Marquand's novel was a good deal sharper than this, but for all the film's superficiality it is pretty entertaining. Ronald Colman plays the late George, and he is assisted by Percy Waram, Mildred Natwick, and Richard Haydn. (R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; through July 6. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through July 7.)

Open City—A powerful account of the workings of the Italian underground, produced in Rome after the city's liberation. In Italian. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

This Happy Breed—An English picture in which Noel Coward, slick as any barker, salutes the virtues, real and imagined, of the British middle classes and frequently pulls off a scene that will interest you, if only because of its vaudeville dexterity. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; through July 4.)

The Well Digger's Daughter—The late Raimu is admirable in this French piece, which treats seduction and its embarrassing consequences with gaiety and understanding. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

The Yearling—A first-rate adaptation, by Paul Osborn, of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' novel. It would be altogether charming if it were not for some overpowering choral music and a couple of boy-meets-fawn sequences that are a trifle too sweet for the average spectator. As Jody, the hero, Claude Jarman, Jr., is superb. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; through July 8. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting July 9.)

REVIVALS

Blithe Spirit (1945)—Ghostly doings cooked up by Noel Coward. With Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Constance Cummings. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; July 4-7.)

Colonel Blimp (1945)—A British biography of a professional soldier, played by Roger Livesey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 3.)

Crime et Châtiment (1935)—Harry Baur in a French screen version of the Dostoevski novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 4-7.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in a René Clair film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; July 4-6.)

The Grapes of Wrath (1940)—John Ford's version of the Steinbeck novel, with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell. (R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; July 7-8. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; July 8.)

Home in Indiana (1944)—Trotting horses and young love. With Walter Brennan and Jeanne Crain. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd, RH 4-9786; July 6-9.)

It Happened at the Inn (1945)—Adventures of a bunch of crotchety French individualists who run a rural café. In French. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; July 3.)

Life Begins at 8:30 (1942)—Monty Woolley playing an old actor who has taken to the bottle. Also with Ida Lupino. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd, RH 4-9786; July 6-9.)

Lifeboat (1944)—Tallulah Bankhead and various other people torpedoed and set adrift by Alfred Hitchcock. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd, RH 4-9786; through July 5.)

Mayerling (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, BR 9-2659.)

Rembrandt (1936)—The artist's later days. Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Gertrude Lawrence. An English picture. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting July 8.)

A Royal Scandal (1945)—Tallulah Bankhead again, as Catherine, Empress of All the Russias. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting July 8.)

The Sea Wolf (1941)—Jack London's tale, revised once more. With Ida Lupino, Edward G. Robinson, and John Garfield. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; July 9.)

The Seventh Veil (1945)—Excellent music and a dash of psychiatry. James Mason and Ann Todd. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; July 4-7.)

The Son of the Sheik (1926)—The old one, with Rudolph Valentino. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting July 8.)

State Fair (1945)—Champion pigs, romance, and songs. Dick Haymes, Jeanne Crain, and Charles Winninger. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting July 9.)

Storm in a Teacup (1938)—A British comedy about a Scottish village and some dogs. Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; July 3. . . . ¶ Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520; starting July 4. . . . ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, RH 4-9888; starting July 9.)

They Were Five (1938)—A French film concerning a lottery and a country inn. With Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting July 8.)

Vacation from Marriage (1946)—Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr jolted out of the tedium of a dreary marriage by the war. An English picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 3. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, CH 3-9395; July 8-9.)

A Yank in London (1946)—Wartime romance between an American sergeant and the daughter of a duke. Rex Harrison, Anna Neagle, and Dean Jagger. An English picture. (Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; July 6-8.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd, CI 5-8900) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. July 3: "Siegfried" (1923), directed by Fritz Lang. . . . ¶ July 4-6: "Crime and Punishment" (1923), directed by Robert Wiene. . . . ¶ Starting July 7: "Hamlet" (1920), Danish film, with Asta Nielsen; and "The Last Laugh" (1924), with Emil Jannings. Showings are held weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M., Thursday evenings at 8, and Sundays and July 4 at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES.

Broadway, B'way at 53rd. (CI 7-2887)
Through July 9: **HENRY V.**

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Fiesta," Esther Williams, Ricardo Montalban.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
"Ivy," Joan Fontaine, Patric Knowles.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Ramrod," Veronica Lake, Joel McCrea.

Hollywood, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
"Possessed," Joan Crawford, Van Heflin, Raymond Massey.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Ghost and Mrs. Muir," Gene Tierney, Rex Harrison.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
"Riff-Raff," Pat O'Brien, Walter Slezak, Anne Jeffreys.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
Through July 8: **DEAR RUTH.**
From July 9: "Perils of Pauline," Betty Hutton, John Lund.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Repeat Performance," Louis Hayward, Joan Leslie.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Moss Rose," Victor Mature, Peggy Cummins.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through July 9: "The Egg and I," Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"The Unfaithful," Ann Sheridan, Lew Ayres, Zachary Scott.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
"Duel in the Sun," Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck, Joseph Cotten.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"New Orleans," Arturo de Cordova, Dorothy Patrick.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
BOOMERANG!; and "13 Rue Madeleine," James Cagney, Annabella.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
MAYERLING, revival.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
"L'Atalante" (in French); and "Zéro de Conduite" (in French).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER.

Golden, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
"The Barber of Seville" (in Italian), Ferruccio Tagliavini.

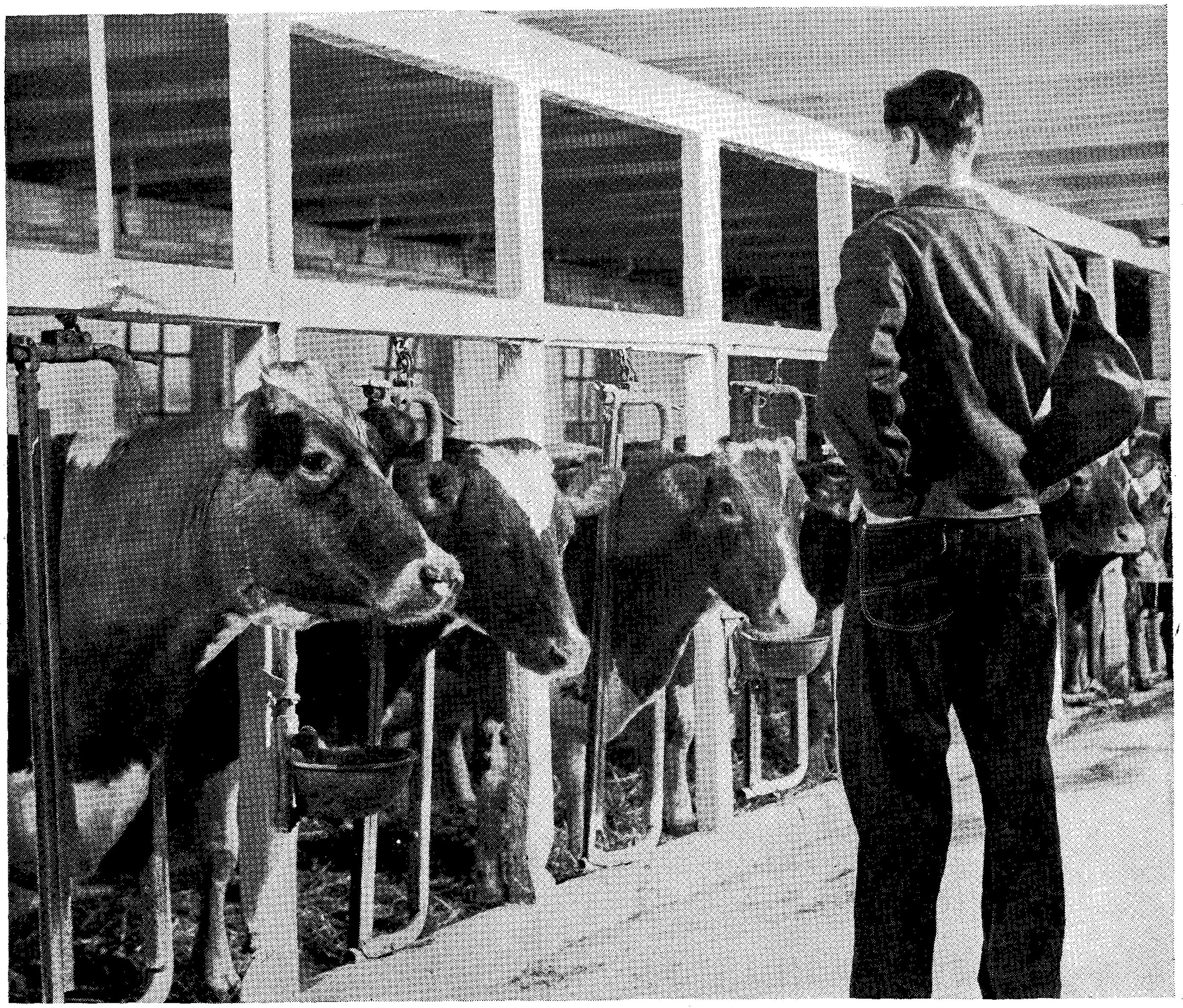
Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
Through July 4: **THIS HAPPY BREED.**
From July 5: "The Magic Bow," Phyllis Calvert, Stewart Granger.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
THE SEVENTH VEIL, revival.

Stanley, 7th Ave. at 41st. (WI 7-9686)
"The Vow" (in Russian).

Studio 65, B'way at 65th. (EN 2-4660)
"Shop-Girls of Paris" (in French).

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
OPEN CITY.



The sergeant's a general—again

When Joe came home from Uncle Sam's army, he took command of another army which lines up twice a day in the barn.

Both Joe and his army had fine war records. His is tucked away in a bureau drawer. His cows' records are a part of the United States crop reports.

But those figures reflect a war production job to equal any other. The demand for milk hit a new high during the war. The response from America's dairy farmers was magnificent. Wartime milk production was the highest in history—peacetime production continues higher than in any pre-war year. And about 25% of the average American's diet is milk in some form.

We're glad to be Joe's partner in his important job. He produces the milk. Here at National Dairy, we process it, package it, protect its quality all the way to you. We turn it into rich cheese, butter, ice cream and other foods. Our laboratories constantly improve familiar foods, develop new ones.

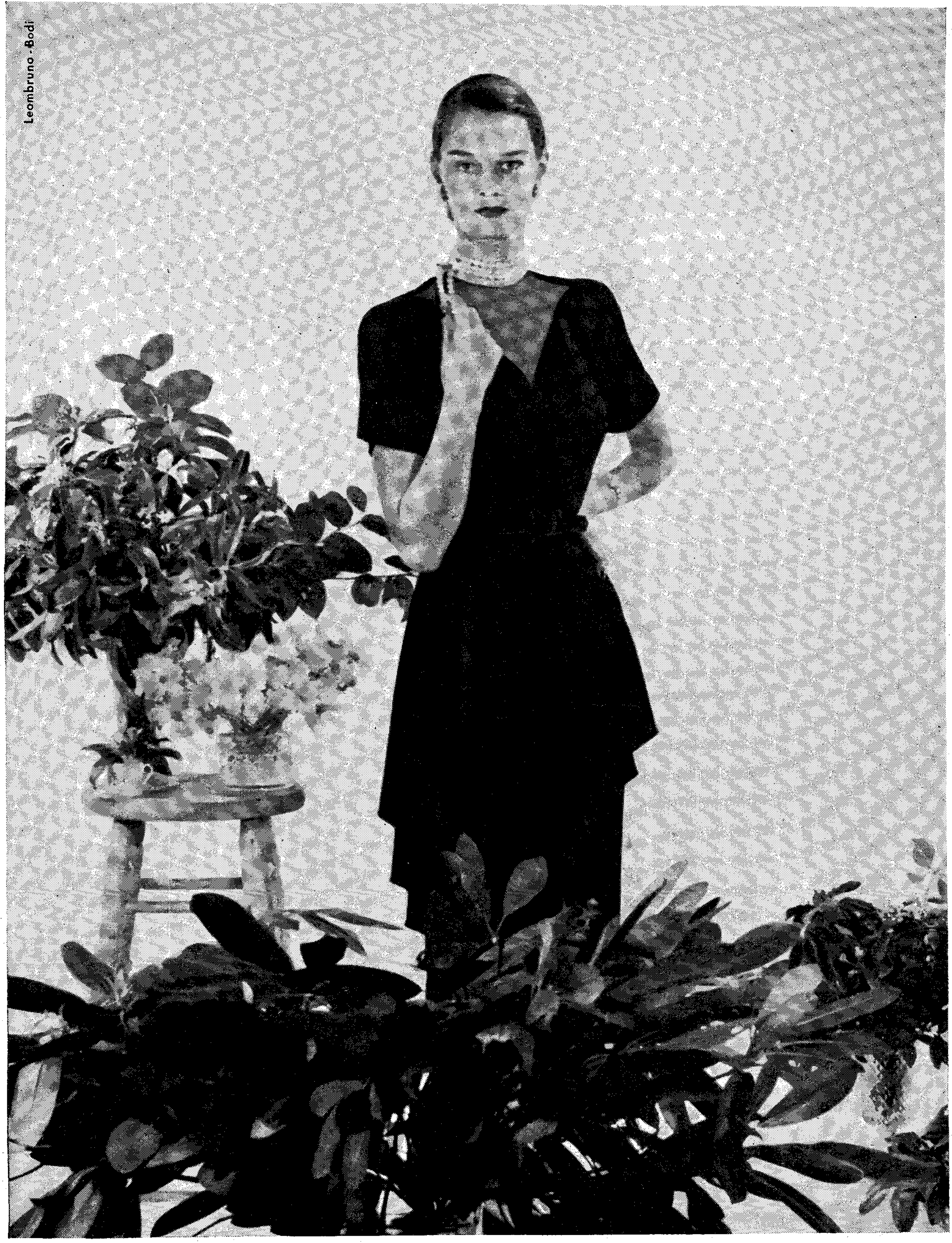
There's still much to be discovered in this vital substance, milk. Many minds and hands are working on it at National Dairy. And its contribution to the health of this and future generations will be greater for what we do.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

Kraft Sealtest Breyers

These brands assure you of highest quality

NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION



REGAL ASSURANCE IN A MIDSUMMER SHEER. THE DEEP-SLASHED NECKLINE IS FILLED WITH THINNEST NET, THE OVERSKIRT DIPS SHARPLY TO THE BACK. RAYON SHEER IN BLACK ONLY, SIZES 10 TO 18, AT 39.95. THIRD FLOOR

B. ALTMAN & CO. FIFTH AVENUE

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

Note for the Attention of Our Political Leaders: Brahman priests in India, disapproving of a stand recently taken by leaders of the Congress Party, reminded them that they stood a good chance of having to pay for it in future incarnations.

Right-Hand Ignorance of What Left Hand Is Doing Note: The instructions for the use of the new classified telephone directory contain this helpful hint:

> In looking up names you know, the Classified will frequently help you. Suppose you want to telephone Smith, the carpenter. Carpenters are listed in the Classified at the classification of "Carpenters" on the "C" pages. It is easier to find your Smith among the few listed in the "Carpenters" section than in the longer list of Smiths in the Alphabetical Directory.

No Smith is listed under "Carpenters" in the classified directory.

The other day, *PM* tracked down one Henry Kopf, billed in current newspaper advertisements as a man who has switched to Calvert's. *PM* found Henry in a ramshackle bar in Union City, New Jersey, and made much of the fact that he was unshaven and seedy in appearance (quite unlike a Calvert Man of Distinction), apparently thinking it peculiar that a fellow like Kopf should be publicized as an endorser of Calvert's. This strikes us as arrant snobbery on *PM*'s part. We'd as soon take Kopf's word on whiskey as that of a more stylish authority, such as Adolphe Menjou. Clearly, in asking that all be heard, Calvert's is doing things the American Way, and we salute an egalitarian company eager to have its product spread cheer not only at the Plaza but in the Jersey Meadows.

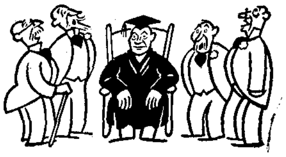
The induction of General Eisenhower as president of Columbia will be marked by considerable pomp and ceremony, we gathered in a talk with Mr. M. Halsey Thomas, Curator of Columbiana, in his office at the university last week. On Thomas's desk at the time of our call were the keys to Columbia and the copy of the charter of Columbia that will be presented to the General in the course of the actual inauguration. The keys, which were handed to Dr. Butler at his inauguration, in 1902, and made especially for the occasion, are seven in number, of silver-plated lead, and so big they obviously wouldn't go into any lock of today. They were on a ring when we saw them, and reposed in a cardboard Tiffany box. The silver coating has flaked off so badly that they will have to be sent out for replating. "They're just symbolic," Thomas said. "They're not supposed to fit anything." The copy of the charter is a leather-bound volume first presented to Seth Low, Dr. Butler's predecessor, when he was inaugurated, in the Metropolitan Opera House, in 1890. (Columbia was then at Madison and Forty-ninth Street, and didn't have a hall large enough for the proceedings. The move uptown was made in 1897.) The flyleaf bears the inscription "The Hon. Seth Low, L.L.D., President of Columbia College, February 3rd, 1890," in handwriting that Mr. Thomas recognizes as that of the first Hamilton Fish, then chairman of the Board of Trustees. Both the keys and the charter turned up last year when Dr. Butler's office vault was cleaned out. "General Eisenhower will also be presented with the seal," said Thomas, "but I don't know whether it will be the original seal—of King's College—or the seal of Columbia."

Dr. Butler's inauguration was a notable affair, attended by President Theodore Roosevelt, Governor Odell, and seventy-five college presidents. Dr. Butler's classmates ('82) gave him a dinner in honor of the event and sang the following snappy song:

In heaven above, where all is love,
The faculty won't be there;
But down below, where all is woe,
The faculty *will* be there.

C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a!
C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a!
C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a!
Damn the faculty!

Thomas, who's been Curator of Columbiana for twenty years, has never actually heard this song sung but knows of at least four members of the class of '82 besides Dr. Butler who might be prevailed on to serenade Eisenhower with it. During the inaugural ceremony, Eisenhower will be seated in the so-called Library Chair, which is the president's and is generally kept in the Trustees' Room at Low Library, for the use of the president at meetings. It is from the library of Benjamin Franklin. Franklin's granddaughter willed it to Dr. David Hosack, a professor of medicine at Columbia, whose son passed it along to the university in 1857.



In 1755, Columbia, then King's College, received from Trinity Church a land grant containing the specification that "the President of the said College Forever for the time being shall be a member of and in Communion with the Church of England as by Law Established." After the Revolution, the American branch of this denomination

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came to be called the Episcopal Church, and of the twelve presidents that Columbia has had before Eisenhower, the six who were not brought up as Episcopalians had changed their affiliation by the time they assumed the presidency. Among them were Charles Wharton, a Catholic who had been schooled as a Jesuit; Low, a Unitarian; and Dr. Butler, who was a Presbyterian. Eisenhower grew up as a member of the Brethren of Christ, of the River Brethren sect, but lists no religious affiliation in *Who's Who*. Thomas is inclined to think that it wouldn't particularly anger Trinity Church if the General failed to become an Episcopalian but that in all likelihood he will go off quietly and be confirmed.

The university's Department of Buildings and Grounds is already redecorating the president's office. Partitions are being installed to provide needed rooms for secretaries and visitors, and the inevitable indirect lighting is being put in. The matter of the President's House is still unresolved. It's a four-story mansion in Italian Renaissance style, and Dr. Butler has been living in it ever since it was built, in 1912. He's spending the summer at Southampton, and no one knows what will happen when he comes back in the fall, but one official indicated that he thought the university would just have to get Dr. Butler another place. "Better to find one for him than for Eisenhower," he said. "The president has to give teas and so on."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Mr. Mixer Company, Inc., 9 Jones Street, offers for sale a Ching No. 1 Boy Zombie All Purpose Mixer.

A bakery and pâtisserie on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C., has changed its name from the Little Pastary Shop to the Confectnary Shop.

Banker

WE took advantage of a stopover in Philadelphia last Friday to look up a man we'd long had it in mind to meet—Major Richard Robert Wright, aged ninety-four, founder and president of the Citizens & Southern Bank & Trust Co., of that sedate community, and a former slave. We discovered him sitting in his office, spry, bright-eyed, exceedingly spare, wearing a brown tropical-worsted suit and a figured red tie as jauntily as a seventy-year-old. He told us that he intends to fly to Liberia this month to help celebrate the centennial of that country and to meet the most distant of his depositors, a resident of Monrovia. He also intends to spend three days in London and three in Paris, taking in the sights. His eight children, eleven grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren are all opposed to the trip, but he told us he is going anyhow. "It was the same story back in the nineties," he said, "when Mr. William McKinley wanted to appoint me Minister Plenipotentiary to Liberia. Everybody said I would get jungle fever. I had a growing family then, so I didn't go, but I won't be put off any longer. I don't drink, I don't smoke, I don't carouse, and I don't curse unless I'm pressed real hard. I'm not worrying about jungle fever or anything."

Major Wright was born on a cotton plantation near Dalton, Georgia, in 1853 and passed his early childhood there. He said that his grandmother, who had been brought to this country in a slave ship, used to tell him stories of tribal wars the slave traders stirred up in order to facilitate the capture of natives. He was engaged in keeping flies off the dining-room table in his master's house, swinging a big punkah back and forth above the food, when he heard about the freeing of the slaves. That was in 1865. "The Master, he called my mother in," the Major said, "and he told her, 'Harriet, old Abe Lincoln wants us to run you out of our house and let you starve, but you don't have to go unless you want to.' My mother, she said, 'If you mean I'm free to go out and work for myself and my children, instead of for you and your children, then I'll go tomorrow morning.' And she did. Years afterward, when I'd amounted to a little something, I got a letter from the Master saying he reckoned I owed my success to him—him, who once caught me reading out of a speller and thrashed me and threw the speller in the stove!"

Major Wright's mother walked him and his brother and sister to Atlanta and entered them in a new Negro school there hopefully named Atlanta University, of which the Major is now the oldest living alumnus. After graduation, he taught school in Dalton, and organized (in Augusta) Georgia's first public high school for Negroes and (in Savannah) the Georgia State Industrial College for Negroes, of which he was president until 1921. Back in those days, he was a prominent member of the Republican Party, and he has been active enough politically and socially to have known all the Presidents from Hayes to Truman, inclusive. During the Spanish-American War, McKinley made him a special paymaster, with the rank of major. Woodrow Wilson sent him abroad during the first World War as an official historian of the colored troops. The Major thinks Franklin Roosevelt was the most patient man he ever met. "We talked about Haiti the last time I saw him," he said. "Mr. Roosevelt felt his French hadn't gone over too well down there."

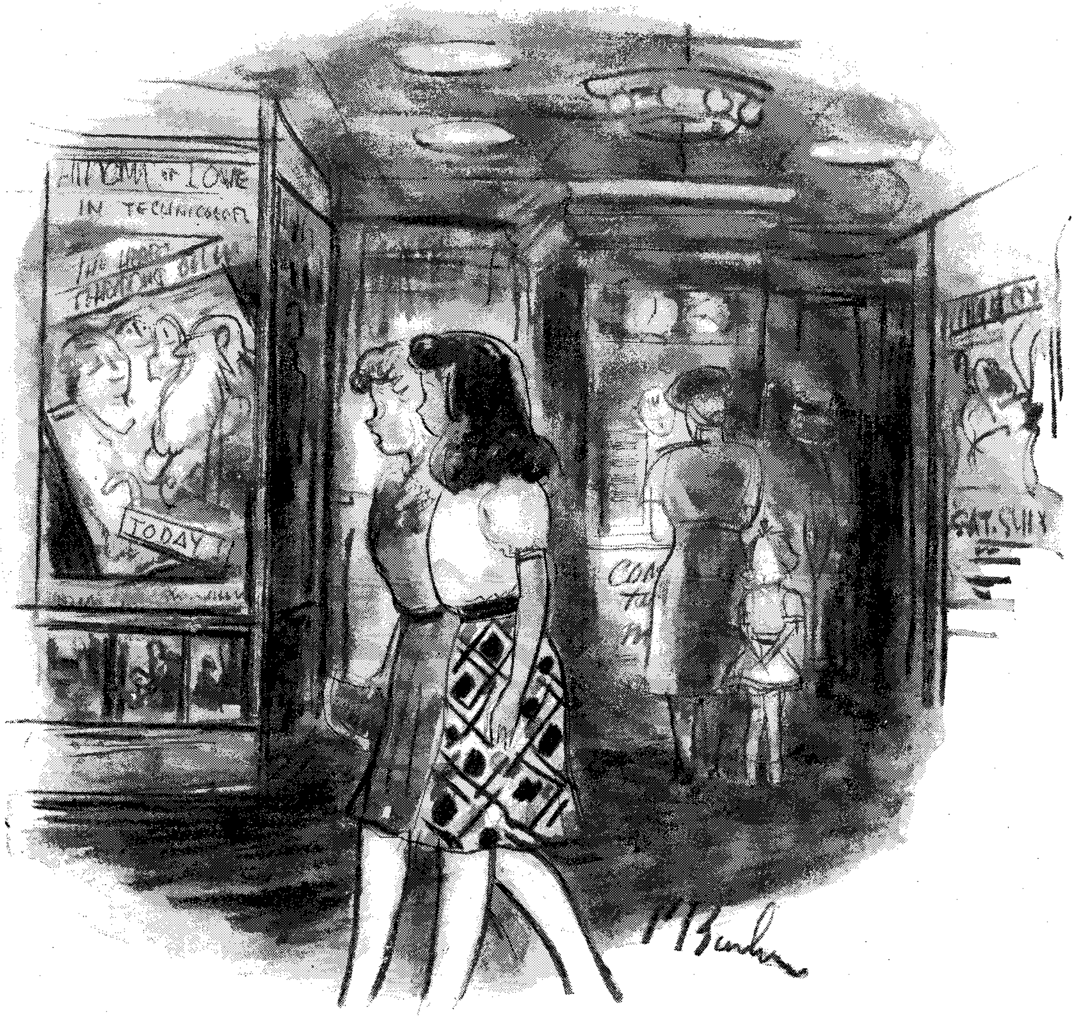
When Major Wright was sixty-seven, he resigned from the college, determined to prove that a Negro could succeed in banking. "All the young Negroes wanted to be lawyers and doctors and ministers," he told us. "They claimed they couldn't get capital to go into business. I said I'd show them." After scouting around the country, the Major hit on Philadelphia as the right environment for a man his age and rented the corner premises that, extensively remodelled, his bank still occupies. The first year, deposits reached fifteen thousand dollars. They now total over three million. Approximately twenty-five per cent of the depositors are white. The Major is the founder of the National Negro Bankers Association, the members of which are the heads of the twelve Negro banks in the country. The Citizens & Southern is the only one north of the Mason and Dixon line. We asked the Major how he'd selected the name for his bank, and he swung around in his chair and slapped his desk hard. "There's a bank down in Georgia with this name," he said. "I was a depositor in it. One day, my daughter was insulted there. I spoke to the president of the bank, and I said, 'I'm all for the South, and I'm proud and glad to have been your friend, but if you aren't prepared to run a bank that will be courteous to everybody, black or white, rich or poor, then I'm going to take the name of your bank and put it on a bank of my own, up North.' And that's just what I did."

Limited

LADY went into the book department of one of the big department stores and asked a clerk to suggest something that might be suitable for a sick friend. He shook his graying head. "I'm sorry, Madam," he said. "I'm afraid we don't specialize in that field."

No

THE hullabaloo over President Truman's recent veto of the Taft-Hartley bill, and the repassage of the



"It's one of those pictures recommended for the whole family, and you know what they are."

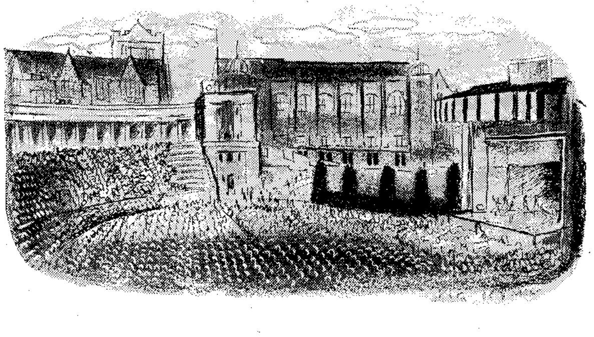
bill over his veto, led us to take down some schoolbooks and see what other Presidents have done with this device. The first thing we noted was that the word "veto" is Latin for "I forbid." Having repeated this over to ourself, we went on to discover that the early Presidents used it rarely, and only when a bill appeared to them to be unconstitutional. Four of them never used it. Washington vetoed two bills, Jefferson and the Adamses none, Madison six, Monroe one, and Van Buren none. (Later Presidents who had no cause to use the veto were William Harrison, Taylor, and Garfield.) Old Andrew Jackson claimed that a President ought to veto any bill that seemed unworkable or against the public interest, whether the Supreme Court was likely to back him up or not. Henry Clay was so irked by Jackson's vetoes—thirteen in all—that he called the veto power irreconcilable with the "genius of representative government . . . if it is to be frequently employed in respect to the expediency of measures as well as to their constitutionality," and added that the veto "had all the fury of a chained panther biting the bars of his cage." Despite Clay, the Presidents who came after Jackson tended to follow him in his conception of the veto.

Up to the time of Franklin Pierce (1853-57), it was customary for a vetoed bill to be allowed to die. Only one of the twenty-five bills vetoed by previous Presidents—a tariff bill disapproved by Tyler—was repassed by Congress. Pierce was overridden five times out of nine vetoes. But the record for rebuffs is held by Andrew Johnson, who vetoed twenty-one bills and was jumped fifteen times before he could reach a neutral corner. Congress was so suspicious of poor Johnson that one of the charges drawn up against him in the impeachment proceedings was his "corrupt use of the veto power."

Until Franklin Roosevelt came along, the record high for vetoes was held by Cleveland, who piled up four hundred and seventy-five in two terms. Cleveland said no to three hundred and two bills in his first term alone (still an unbeaten record for a single term) and used the pocket veto on ten more. If, when Congress is in session, a President fails to sign a bill within ten days (Sundays excepted), it automatically becomes law; if, however, he fails to sign a bill within the ten-day period and, meanwhile, Congress has adjourned, he is said to have pocket-vetoed it, and it is dead. Most of Cleveland's vetoes were on personal-pension bills and other comparatively trivial bits of legislation. Among them was an "Act to authorize the third auditor of the Treasury to audit certain quarter-master's vouchers belonging to John Finn, St. Louis, Mo.," and a bill "authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to deliver to the First Regiment North Carolina State Guard two pieces of condemned cannon." We didn't learn why Cleveland wouldn't let the regiment have the cannon.

Wilson vetoed the Volstead bill, as well as a bill "to prohibit intoxicating beverages and to regulate the manufacture, production, use, and sale of high-proof spirits for other than beverage purposes and to insure an ample supply of alcohol and promote its use in scientific research and in the development of fuel, dye, and other lawful industries," but of course Congress knew better. During the war, Wilson *was* able to make a veto stick, on a House joint resolution "for the lessening of the expenses of war and restoring the loss caused by the war by providing for the employment of a discovery or invention called the 'Garabed' claiming to make possible the utilization of free energy."

Franklin Roosevelt vetoed six hundred and thirty-five measures. Two hundred and sixty-three of these were pocket vetoes. One relief measure that he pocket-vetoed at the end of the Seventy-third Congress and vetoed during the Seventy-fourth Congress was finally made into law by the Seventy-fifth Congress. From Washington's administration through the Taft-Hartley veto, there were sixteen hundred and sixty vetoes (five hundred and ninety-one of them of the pocket variety), of which sixty were overridden. Truman has vetoed eighty bills so far, of which one has been overridden.



Advice

A GENTLEMAN has forwarded us a note left for him by his laundry deliveryman, regarding a Palm Beach suit: "I would have the P.B. suit dry-cleaned—that is, what we call *wet-cleaned.*"

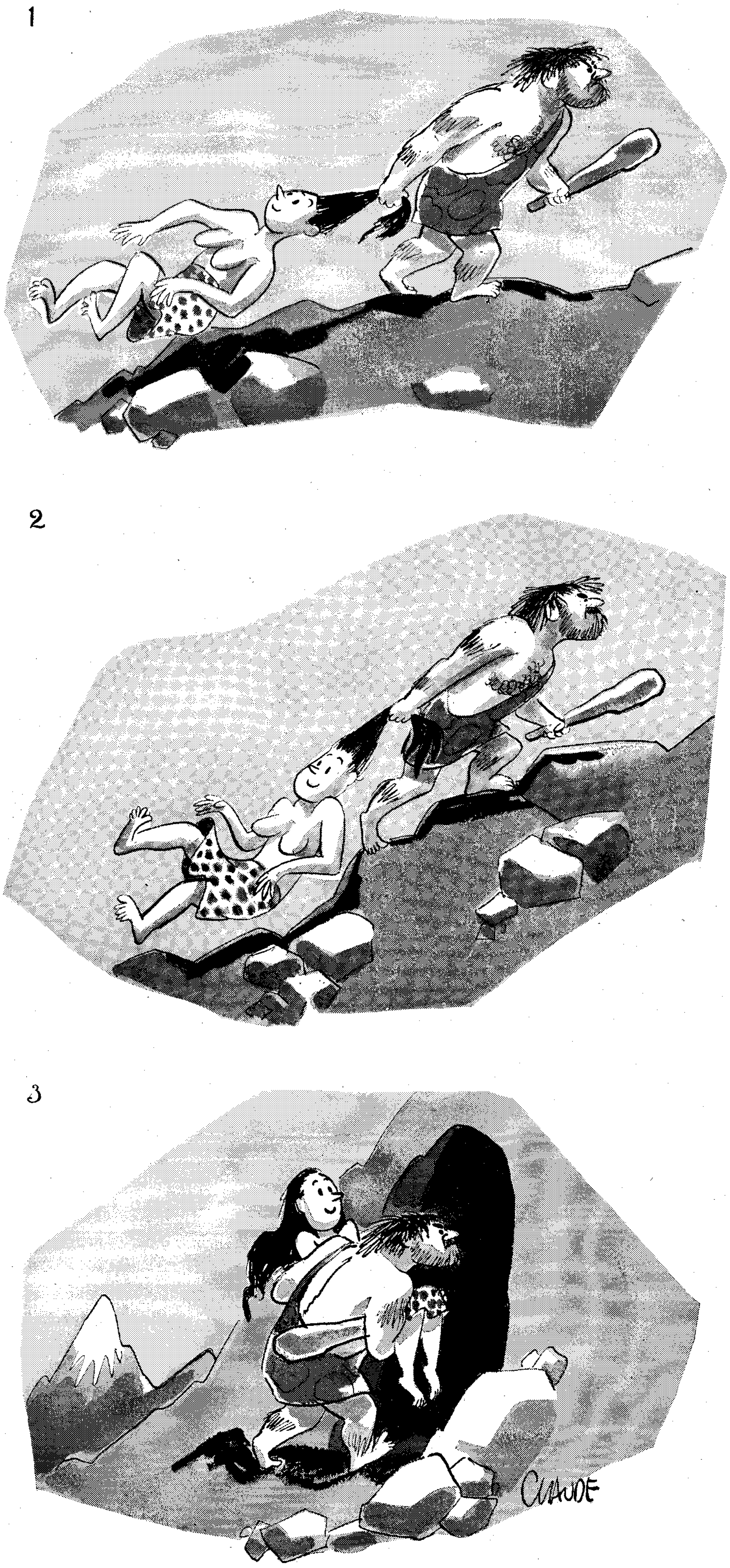
Bang-Up Job

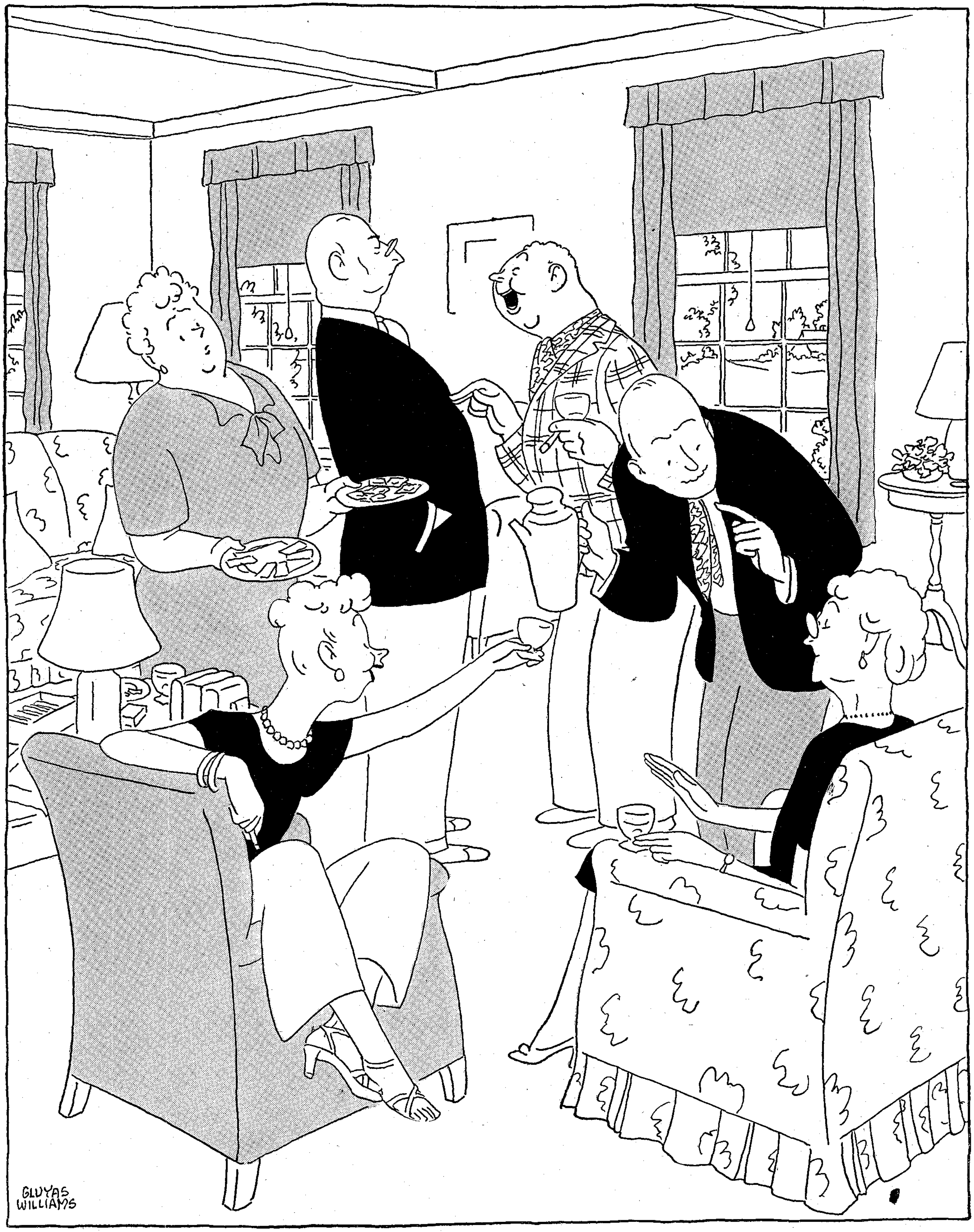
OUR old friends the makers of UNXLD fireworks, who purveyed to us when we were but a boy and who for seventy years have innocently been touching off such famous set pieces as Niagara Falls, the Spirit of '76, and the American Flag at country fairs and other such institutions, have now decided to go into the advertising business. They plan to ballyhoo various products, crispy-crunchy and otherwise, with blazing flares, rockets, mortar shells, and suitable commercials, in a thoroughly up-to-the-moment manner. When the company invited us to a sneak preview of fireworks display advertising at its plant at Cranbury, New Jersey, one evening a week or so ago, we accepted the invitation with mingled feelings of anticipation and regret. Before going to the testing ground, the guests of the company—some stockholders, some advertising men, and us—were given dinner at the Princeton Inn, where the table decorations proved to be snapdragons, peonies, ferns, and ten-inch UNXLD magnesium sparklers. "The sparklers were my idea," the advertising manager of the company informed us in a palpitant whisper, and added, "I live and eat fireworks." He then leaned forward and touched a lighted cigarette to the tip of a sparkler, which burst into a shower of minute golden shooting stars. Everyone else at the table thereupon started lighting sparklers, and when blazing meteorites fell in our shrimp cocktail and lap, we ignored them.

After dinner, the party was driven to a large open field near Cranbury, where fourteen set pieces, each about twenty feet square, had been put up. In the middle of the field, we met Roy Trempy, general manager of UNXLD, who told us that the set pieces contained Pill Box Stars, Famous Pains UNXLD Green Aluminum Shells, Famous Pains Coney Island Bombardments, Tourbillions, Green Electrics, Serpents, Saucissions, and fifteen gross of Lances, and that three electric fans had been installed in front of each frame to blow away the smoke. "Got a crew of fourteen, besides myself," Trempy said, "and we're prepared to do a bang-up job. We're going to have music on records, too. I'll blow my whistle at the beginning, as a signal for my men to start marching across the field to their stations in front of the frames. Then I'll blow again, and they'll light the fountains and flares in the forward displays. At the third whistle, they'll retreat behind the frames." Sure enough, when Trempy's whistle blew, fourteen men, dressed in white and resembling internes, gravely proceeded across the field to the sound of Offenbach's "Gaîté Parisienne." Another whistle, and the first fuses were lit, and for the next thirty-five minutes the evening, which up to then had been calm, was shattered by explosions and jagged flashes of multicolored light, and the earth trembled. We watched as the June darkness was punctured by the fiery word "Supersuds" (accompanied by "The Carioca"), by a burning hand holding up a glass of Schaefer's beer (accompanied by the "Beer Barrel Polka"), by a tilted cup of Maxwell House coffee ("You're the Cream in My Coffee"), by a pack of Camels ("Smoke Rings"), and, finally, by a nice, old-time Spirit of '76 ("The Stars and Stripes Forever"). Most of the sets included well-known advertising slogans. The fans stopped working after the fifth set piece, when the wire supplying them with current was severed by a falling rocket, but our judgment was that on the whole the display was a rousing success, if things like singing commercials and skywriting are a success. Trempy told us that he was hoping to stage the first public fireworks display on a barge on the Hudson off Eighty-sixth Street, but this project must have fallen through, for we've since learned that UNXLD made its world advertising début on an island in the Sound off Playland, at Rye, a few nights ago.

Sissy

A FATHER who drove his family West for the summer advises us that he passed through Tucson while some scenes of a Gene Autry Western were being filmed. His son spotted a horse near the camera and tore over to inquire whether it was Autry's celebrated Champion, Jr. "No, bub," said the cowboy attending it, "this here is Champion's stand-in. It's too hot for Champion now. He won't be over from the hotel until late this afternoon."




GLUYAS WILLIAMS

THE VISITING PUBLIC

The house guests who don't mix, and thirty-six hours to go.

THE MALE GRAPES

ON Monday morning, it rained for five minutes, then stopped. I woke, hearing the first large drops on the sleeping-porch roof, and turned over to go back to sleep. Then I remembered that rain meant nothing to my mother. The washing was always started on Monday, regardless of weather. If it rained, the clothes were hung in the cellar, in the long vegetable storage room and the fruit room, although now, my mother complained, there were never more than half a dozen sheets, and all those could go in the fruit room. An extra sack of clothespins hung there, from the hook where my brothers' punching bag used to hang.

My husband and I had arrived home in Missouri for a visit two nights before. It was June, and my mother and I were sleeping on the sleeping porch. She was in the bed on the south side, reading by the light from the one east window. I was in my father's bed on the north side, where the ivy growing on the brick wall slurred over onto some of the windows. My mother had made the sleeping arrangements the night my husband and I got home. "Just borrow your father's bed on the sleeping porch," she said. "It's pretty hot these nights. Let the men sleep inside." Later, she explained that my father often turned the light on and read or got up and roamed around at night, and so he slept in his own room. "I guess it's because he leased his sawmill in Texarkana," she said. "Your father doesn't sleep very well without a sawmill. I just tell him that mills are all right for the boys, but at his age he's got to learn to enjoy a lumberyard." She spoke of my father's state of being without a sawmill with the same brisk hope that she spoke of the case of poison ivy my nephew Geoffrey was nursing in the northwest bedroom.

When I turned, the hair mattress creaked, and it was too late to pretend I was asleep. "I was reading here about the floods," my mother said. The Kansas City *Star* and the Kansas City *Times* were spread out on the bed. She started to read aloud.

I listened for a while, and then my father called from his room, "Bess, did you get the *Star?*"

"Yes." She slipped one page out of the paper and handed it to me. "Your father's looking for his continued story. I wish you'd take it to him." I took it. I noticed that it had the word "love" in the title.

My father was lying in bed with a green eyeshade over his eyes. He was reading a library copy of "Pride and Prejudice." He pulled himself up in bed, spit out his before-breakfast chew of tobacco, and kissed me. "Set my story here on the bed, honey," he said. He laid "Pride and Prejudice" on the table, and said to me, "That lady is having trouble getting her girls married off. Girls are a blessing, but you can surely get your back yard filled up with them waiting for a boy."

He slid down in bed and put his continued story on his stomach. "You'd better see about laying me in some books from the library. It's pretty hot to be about. I'm fixing to do some resting until the weather lets up." He added contemptuously, "Don't let Geoffrey pick out my books for me. You know the kind I like." He had always made a period of martyrdom out of the time when his sons and grandsons were in college. He was careful never to accept an opinion from them, as if school rendered them totally irresponsible—which may have been true of Geoffrey. He lived in Texarkana and had driven my father up from there after my father had leased his mill. Geoffrey had stayed on to borrow grandfather's car of nights and sleep of mornings and get poison ivy.

"Yes, I know the kind you like," I said, and started to go.

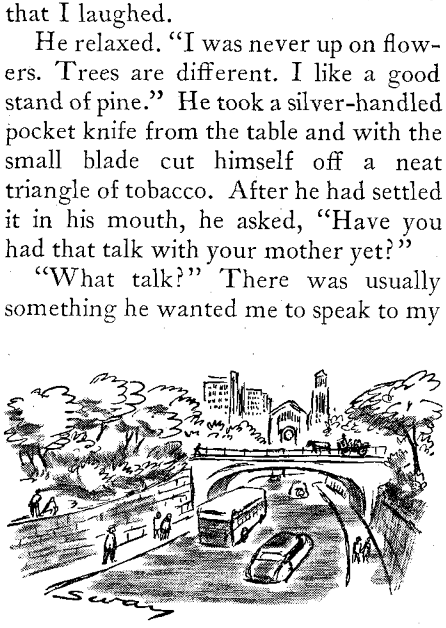
"Oh, sit down and visit," my father said. "It's good to have you home, honey. You know, I surely do like the little vase of flowers you put on my table. What do you call that one?"

"That's snow-on-the-mountain. It's not a flower. It's a leaf."

"Is that a fact?" he asked so politely that I laughed.

He relaxed. "I was never up on flowers. Trees are different. I like a good stand of pine." He took a silver-handled pocket knife from the table and with the small blade cut himself off a neat triangle of tobacco. After he had settled it in his mouth, he asked, "Have you had that talk with your mother yet?"

"What talk?" There was usually something he wanted me to speak to my mother about when I was home on a visit.



"About getting herself some good help," he said.

"She seems satisfied with Mrs. Bounds."

"Mrs. Bounds!"

My mother's "help" was always a great topic of conversation. There were dozens of women who had come and stayed a few days—quick, contained, neat, servile. There were the others, who stayed for years; young or old, they were all independent and outspoken, and all devoted to my mother. If there was anything that puzzled and annoyed her, it was a trained servant. But during the war, most of the people with the kind of fibre my mother prized had gone to California to work in the shipyards, so she had got Mrs. Bounds to come Mondays and Tuesdays. I had seen Mrs. Bounds only once, briefly, the last time I was home. She was wearing an old dress of my mother's and a pair of black oxfords with saddles of gray suède, which Mr. Oliver had thrown out. Mr. Oliver owned the office building whose halls she cleaned on alternate nights. She had opened the dress up at intervals around the waist and sewn in little salt sacks.

"Why don't you talk to your mother about getting Mrs. Bounds to come a little earlier?" my father said. "She doesn't get here until around eight. Your mother's got the washing almost done by then."

I said I would. Then I went to throw the clothes from the hamper down the chute to the basement. My mother heard me from the sleeping porch. "Don't let me forget to get the pocket handkerchiefs out of my purses," she called, and got up.

She went through the bedrooms gathering up laundry, even taking the top sheet off my father's and Geoffrey's beds. She apologized, but she got the sheets. I heard my father objecting to her taking his seersucker pants. "You don't seem to have any idea how much trouble it is to change suspenders," he said soberly.

She stopped at my door, remembering, I suppose, that my husband slept naked. "Get the sheet off your bed for me," she coaxed as I came down the hall. "We can take the top sheet right off the line and put it back on the bed," she explained. "Where there is sickness, it is best not to iron sheets."

No one was sick, but I got the sheet for her. My husband woke long enough to say, "Pull down the blinds," but not long enough to hear me answer, "They're already down."

I went to the kitchen and made

coffee and put on the kettle for my mother's tea.

"I don't have tea until after I wash," she said when she came to the kitchen to make starch. I was drinking coffee and eating a cantaloupe.

It was useless to urge her. I said, "Couldn't you get Mrs. Bounds to come earlier?"

She started throwing the table linen down the chute in the pantry. "Oh, I don't know," she said vaguely. "She comes."

I remembered the note I had seen on the back porch the night I got home, written probably weeks before, when my mother and father had driven down South. "Dear Mrs. Bounds, Just take the meat loaf in the refrigerator home with you. Love, Mrs. H. L. Royce."

I WENT to the basement and began running the water into the laundry tubs. Water went into the machine first, my mother said when she came down the cellar stairs. But before the washing machine could be started, she had to find something to prop up the leg with, so it wouldn't slip into the depression in the brick floor. My mother knew exactly the thing for it, and went upstairs herself to find it. While I waited, I looked at the collection of rags hanging on the lines above the tubs and the counter where the hand laundry was done. There was also an assortment of pans and bald brushes. I wondered where they had all come from, but as I looked, I remembered a couple of the pans: the old foot tub into which we had all vomited, the deep dishpan in which we had always packed the wooden freezer in salted ice after we had made ice cream.

The basement windows, I noticed, were clouded with cobwebs and coal dust, and the floor was powdered with lint. I wondered how so many dirty rags could have been hung up so faithfully. I began pulling them down and throwing them into an apple basket. Then I carried it up the outside basement steps and pushed up the sloping door and hooked it open. I meant to take the basket to the trash burner.

My father was standing under the cherry tree, cutting off a sucker with the big blade of his pocket knife. I set the basket down on a piece of flagstone that had once been the floor of a pergola.

"Why, the pergola's gone!" I cried. The day before, I had been too busy talking to notice any changes outdoors.

"Yes, it finally fell down. I guess the wisteria was too heavy for it," he answered.

"What happened to the wisteria?"

"Died, I guess." The sound of someone whistling down the street brought him to attention. "There she is," said my father.

The whistling was extraordinary. In the first place, there was no loyalty or preference shown for any one tune. As soon as one bogged down in a little recitative or breather, it was abandoned for another. "Beautiful Ohio," "Brighten the Corner Where You Are," and the doxology all had their moment. What each lacked in trueness of tone was made up in volume.

It was Mrs. Bounds. The sight of her, leathery and muscular, wearing a wine-colored lace dress, her throat pulsating with song, made my father and me look very earth-bound. Soon I saw her cutting blue eyes and heard her greeting: "How's the Chinese laundry?"

"All right," my father said, and turned and went up on the front porch and sat down in a rocker. He picked up his coffee cup from the railing and took a gulp. When she came even with him, he asked, "Fixing to wash, Mrs. Bounds?"

"It's Monday, isn't it?"

"Ever wash on Tuesday?" he prodded.

"You can always wash on Monday."

I saw that there really was humor in her stony face, a humor sharp and concentrated. Relaxed, she looked as if she had the strength of a mountain. Something about her strength touched my father, and he said gently, "Well, washing's pretty hard work."

"You didn't hear me complain, did you?" she demanded.

"No, Ma'am," my father said noncommittally.

I came to his rescue and asked Mrs. Bounds if she still cleaned the halls for Mr. Oliver.

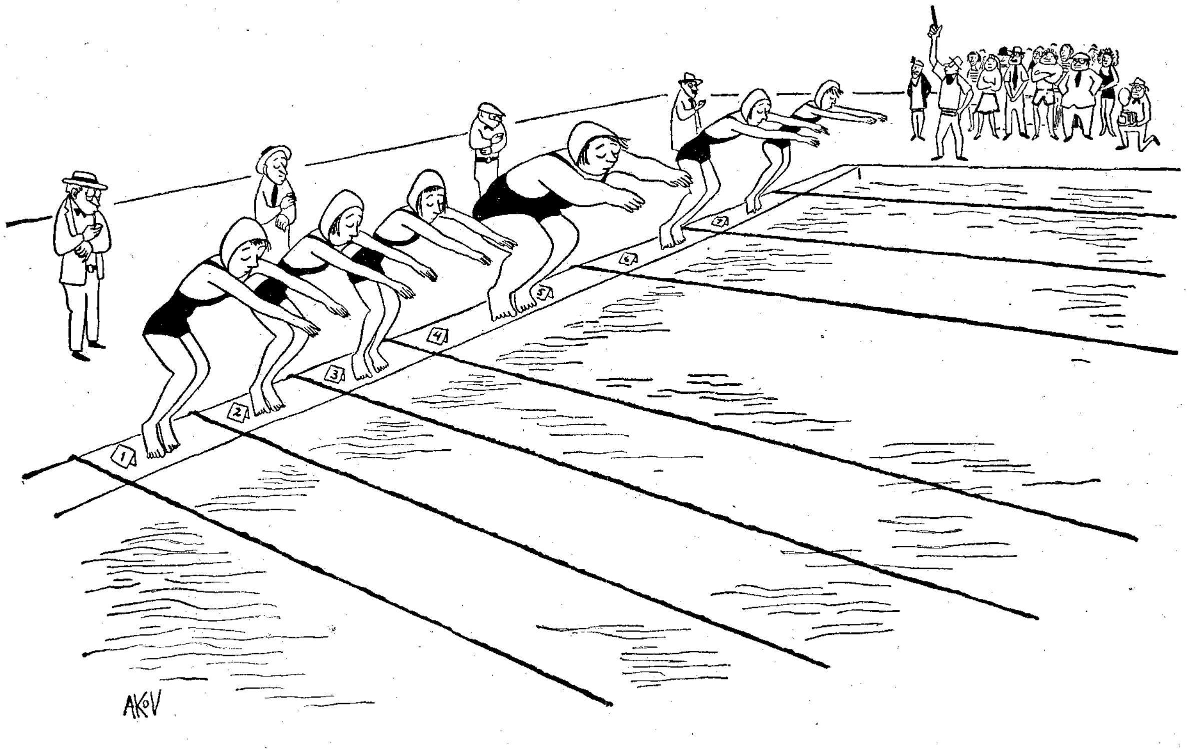
"Lord, yes. I wouldn't give up the halls."

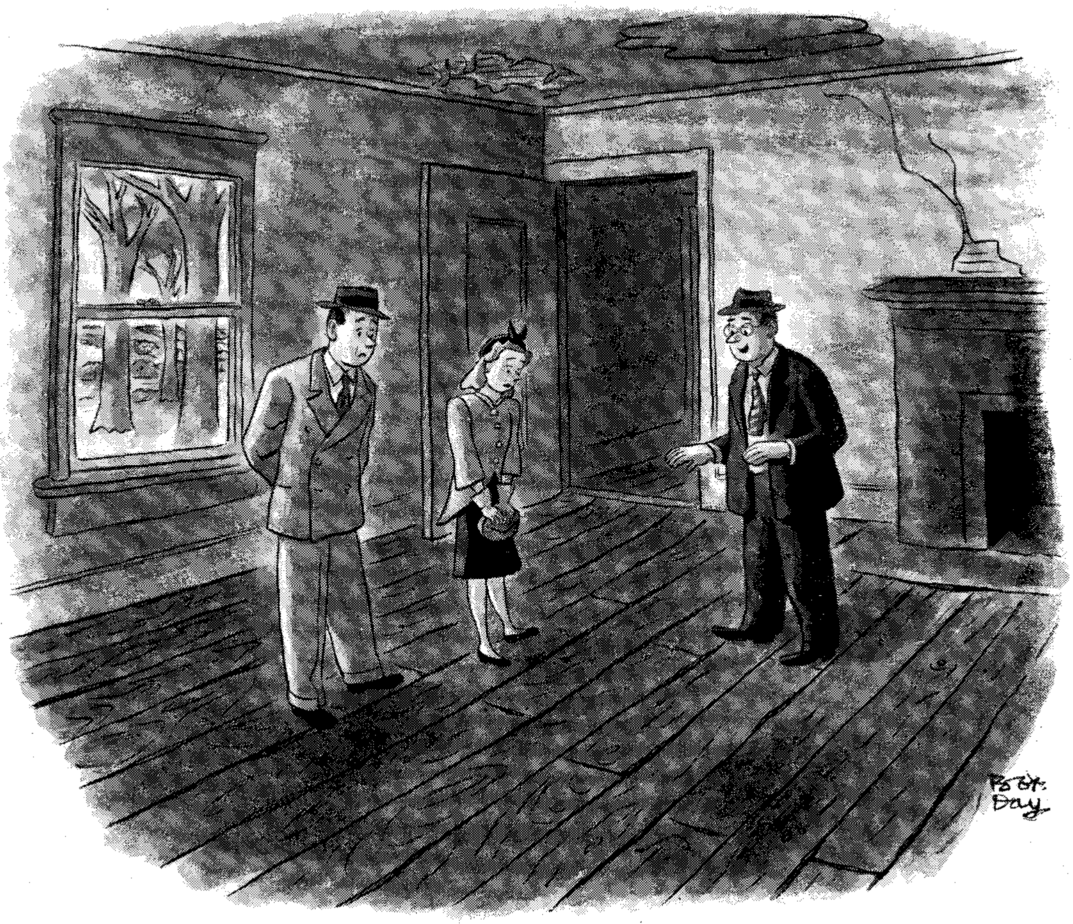
She spoke with such conviction that I was curious. "Why?"

"I like my halls. You can start at one end and take your time, and no one to open their mouth. You can whistle all night." Her eyes were fixed in space. Her mouth seemed actually vulnerable. "There's something about a hall at night that makes you feel good. With a high ceiling, you can almost hear yourself think. No, sir, I won't give up the halls. I did give up Mr. Oliver's office, though. That didn't work out."

My father was lighting a cigar. "Didn't he pay you enough?" he inquired.

"Pay?" She was scornful. "I always get my price. It wasn't that. He got so he'd sit in his office way after six o'clock reading the Bible. It got me home too late. So finally I said, 'Mr. Oliver, I'm quit-





"Notice how graciously these wonderful old boards yield beneath your feet."

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ting.' He said, 'I'm sorry to hear that, Mrs. Bounds. Is the work too hard for you?' 'It's not the work that's hard, Mr. Oliver,' I said. 'I just don't care for Bible reading after six o'clock.' 'You object to the Bible, Mrs. Bounds?' he asked me. 'If ever a man needed it, it's you, Mr. Oliver,' I said, 'but I'm not waiting on no man while he saves his soul.' 'What about the halls?' he asked. 'I wouldn't give up my halls,' I said. 'I'd walk in mud shoemouth deep to do the halls.' That's exactly what I said to Mr. Oliver. He sat there with his Bible in his hand reading Second Samuel and trying to persuade me to take a little more money. I said, 'Just because you're eating up pretty high on the hog now, Mr. Oliver, don't think money will buy everything.' And with that I walked out."

All at once, she looked down and saw the apple basket full of rags I had taken from the lines in the basement. "What are you doing with my rags?" she demanded.

"I was going to burn them," I said.

"Oh, no, you don't. We need those rags, your mama and me." She picked up the basket and went down the basement steps, whistling.

Geoffrey appeared then at the back door, his face flushed with sleep and poison ivy, and she called to him, "You up for the day?"

He disregarded the inquiry and asked, "Isn't there going to be some breakfast?"

Mrs. Bounds stopped any answer with the comment "There's just one down now, isn't there?"

I said my husband was still asleep, if that was what she meant. It was.

I went into the kitchen with Geoffrey to make more coffee and scrambled eggs. "You'd think it was *her* business whether I got up," he said sourly.

Later, when I went outdoors, I happened to notice that something had been planted on the south side of the elm tree by the garage. It was the wisteria that had once grown on the pergola. So it had not died. Its ropy, twisted stalk was as large as my wrist and had climbed halfway up the trunk.

As I stood looking at the wisteria, my father came walking over, and I pointed the stalk out to him. Just then, a sound of laughter came from the basement. I turned and saw my mother, usually so intent on work, leaning against the laundry tray, laughing. Mrs. Bounds had the top off the washing machine and was fishing out some clothes with an old, water-whitened broomstick. She was doing it in a slapdash way that would ordinarily have brought immediate interference from my mother. They laughed again at something Mrs. Bounds said. Then she leaned over and picked up the laundry basket filled with the sheets from the first two tubs and came outdoors.

I went forward to help, but she brushed me aside. "Take care, take care," she said, and set down the basket. Then she asked curiously, "What were you looking at?"

"The wisteria."

My mother was standing at the basement door. "It never did bloom," she said with disappointment. "We've had it for twenty years and it's never bloomed. I cut it back when I moved it. I thought that might make it bloom, but it didn't."

"It's a male, that's why," Mrs. Bounds said firmly. "Males don't bloom."

"Oh, do you think so?" my mother asked.

"Sure. I had some male grapes once. Half a dozen vines of them. They never did bear."

"Isn't that a shame!" my mother said.

Mrs. Bounds flapped a sheet over the line and snapped a clothespin on it. "I rooted them out." She flapped a second sheet over the line, overlapping it a few inches with the first. "I've got no use for a male grape."

My father started to speak; then he struck his mottled holly stick against the hard July ground. It made a resounding noise every step of the way up to the porch. He sat down in the rocker and picked up his continued story and started to read.

—Esther McCoy

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3. Which one of these words is mispelled? Delerium, deletion, Delaware, deluge.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

You tell *us.*

THE TRUCE

WHILE I walk through the rooms this sleepless night and hear no noise, no children's voices, no shrieks, no arguments—none of the things that kept me from my work during the day and that now keep me, through remorse, from sleep—I feel uneasy and tell myself, “There must be something wrong.” So I enter the children's room and look. They both seem dead.

On Bimba's side, one white hand projecting through the bars of the crib hangs toward the floor; one foot, emerging from under the blankets, lies limply on its side. Another hand, palm up, is close to one of Bimba's eyes, as if the world had come to an end while she was throwing her ball.

On Vieri's side, his long eyelashes are pressed against his pale face almost as if by force; they look like pen strokes. Teddy Bear the First (recently again in favor) was caught by the end of the world while trying to whisper something into Vieri's ear. Vieri's left hand, now languid, must once have held the bear there tightly; the position of his long fingers is still one of intention. His right hand, at the end of his thin arm, is stretched out against the wall near his bed. His mouth is open. Near the bed, black Gorilla and big Panda bend their faces toward the floor like shortsighted readers poring over books in the Public Library. Not a sound.

The day is gone; here lie its casualties—these two young enemies of things, these wreckers of all couches and armchairs, these inventors and askers of all questions, these invincible fighters in whose hands a pencil does not last more than an hour. They, too, have fought a useless war; their strength has come to an end. Yet this quietness is only a truce, a fake withdrawal. There is such concentration in their sleep: look at their serious faces—the half frowns, the diligence with which they seem to plan, in secret, “How can we win, and make more noise tomorrow?” I know that deep in these children lurks a plot to live, to do this thing that no one understands—sleep, wake, move about, talk of this or that, decide with shrieks to eat or not to eat, communicate desire to compel or not to accept compulsion, look at things, then run away to look at other things, and fight to hold them or to hide them somewhere, just to be able to affirm, “That's mine!”

If *this* makes sense, it must make sense in sleep. To me, who am all here, terribly awake, aware of the day that is now whitening there beyond the roundness of the world, knowing what it will bring and ask or take, it makes no sense at all. Worse than a nightmare. Yet I don't die, because I'm much too lazy. It becomes such a habit not to die.

But *they*—these children—are deciding now whether to try again or to die tonight. They weigh their chances and they test their strength. This is a real war council. Will they come back or will they go beyond and try their noise on countries I don't know? They will decide. I won't compel them to now. I won't put in my word on behalf of tomorrow.

In the meantime, I take advantage of this truce to go from room to room, looking at the things they touched, and then go back into their room to look at them. And, like a lonely old man bent on his past, I begin to remember them a little. I reminisce. The images come back from far away, first blurred, then clearer, as I recognize them. Yes, what day was that? Yesterday? Wasn't it called “today” until quite recently? It was, I think, up to a couple of hours ago. But it was *their* “ago;” that is what made it seem remote so soon. Time here uses *their* hours, and their hours are large and quick and thickly packed with ore. Hundreds of loads are sent out of their mine each second. *My* time, the one by which I measure things, is mined dry by now. One illusion a year is all I manage to extract. And where is that day now—the day we have just lived through? It must be over in the west, and what it took from here it may have dumped already into the sea. So now, before the day is wholly lost or taken to the place where all days rot, let's reconstruct it all.

How did it begin? With a good intention, like all the days of man. The sign “Do Not Disturb,” written by him who *does* disturb—Vieri, this boy right here. His mother had said the night before, “Tomorrow, I shall put a sign on the door of Father's study, ‘Do Not Disturb.’ And when that sign is there, nobody must go in. It's a shame . . .”

So this morning, in the half hour of vacation that always comes between the tying of the first shoe and the hunt for the second sock, Vieri wrote “Do Not Disturb” on a large sheet of my most forbidden, sacred, expensive drawing paper (I still hope I may have the time to do a little painting someday) and nailed it with the first major noise of the day on the door of my room. “It has to be big,” he explained, “because with children you must either yell your head off or repeat things ten times before they know them.” What he meant was that, for him, “big” is the visual counterpart of “loud.”

Then he called to his sister, “Bimba, can you see this? This means ‘Do Not Disturb.’ Will you disturb? *Will* you? Answer! But answer right away. Will you disturb Father, who must earn our daily bread?”

And as she did not answer promptly enough, he beat her. “You will see,” he said later, to justify his action, “you will see whether she will not deserve it sometime or other during the day.”

“But, my dear,” I said, “you must not punish a child for what it may do later. Think how much work I would have to do every morning if I were to give you advance punishment for all the

things you are likely to do during the day."

"Father," he said, frowning, "it's not a question of me now but of *her*. I *know* she will disturb you in your work, and so do you. And you will not have to punish her when she does it."

"Punishment is one thing," I shouted, "and beating is another!"

The debate was adjourned, and I retired to my desk behind the "Do Not Disturb" sign and closed the door.

WHAT happened after this that kept me idle? Oh, yes. It was Vieri's mother, who soon opened the door and interrupted me in my work. I must come out into the hall, she whispered, so she could show me "something unforgettable." She led me out on tiptoe. Just outside my door stood Vieri, his hands behind his back, reading the sign on the door with concentration. As the door was opened and closed to let us pass, we pretended we did not notice him, but it was he who did not notice us. He reminded me of one of those foreign tourists I used to see years ago in Florence—mostly German professors—who stood unmoved, blocking the traffic in a narrow street, to read an old inscription on the wall of a church or an ancient palace. When Vieri had read his own sign with care for several moments, he noticed his mother and me and asked, "Why do people disturb? What does 'disturb' mean? Does it come from the Latin? If you're not reading when I enter the room, do I disturb you then? And how am I to know, if I don't ask you?"

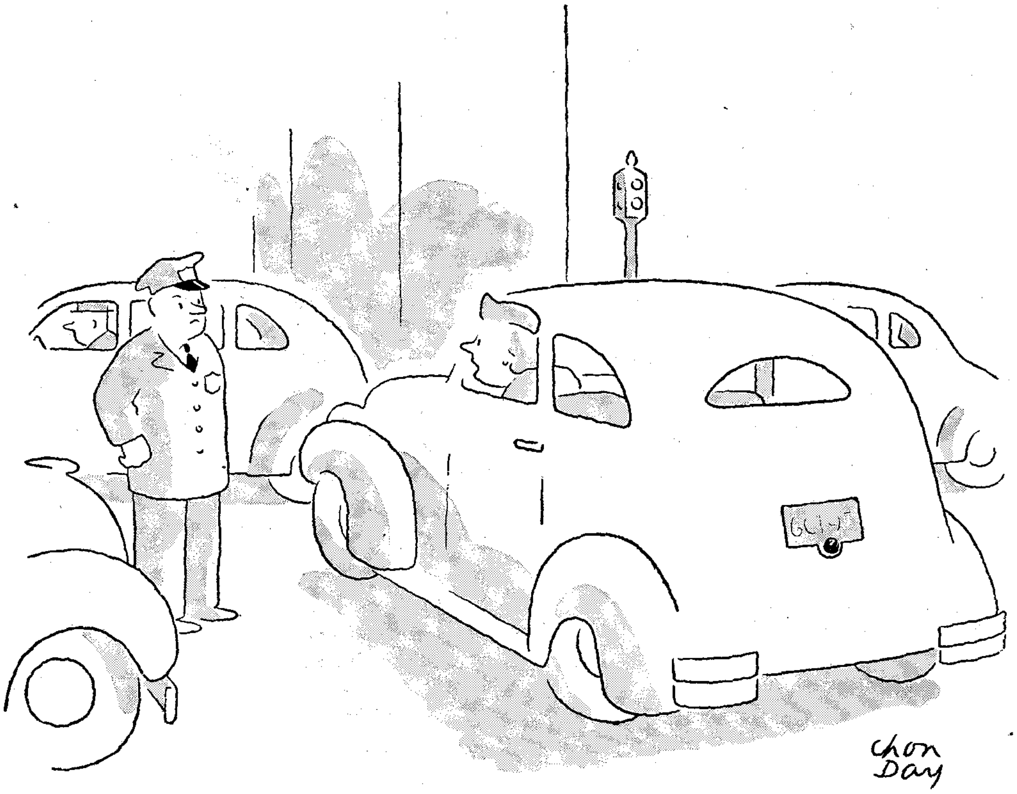
I explained as best I could, and in the end he agreed not to disturb me either in my work or in my idleness. I went back to my desk, leaving the door open as evidence of my faith in him. He went on reading the sign. "Please, Vieri," said his mother, who was somewhat anxious to remove any cause for new meditations, "don't you have anything to do but stand in front of that sign?"

"Can't I even read what's written on it?" he asked in a rage. "All right, then I will enter *without reading*." And he came in to complain that his mother had compelled him not to read the sign. Ousted again, he found his sister outside, "reading."

"What are you doing here?" he asked with contempt. "You, who can't even read?"

"Oh, yes, I can," she said.

"You can? Let's see," and touching the big "D" of the word "Do," he asked, "What is this letter?"



"The light turned red too soon."

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Bimba always guesses. It is much easier for her than learning. So she said, " 'A.' "

"That? An 'A'? No. What is it?"

" 'B.' "

" 'B' ! This letter here! What is it?"

" 'C.' "

"Mother, did you hear what she said? Ha, ha, she said *this* was a 'C'! Ha, ha!"

" 'D,' " said Bimba.

"Oh!" Vieri roared, like a fighter caught unawares, and he clenched his fists. "No fair! No fair!"

Bimba understood and began to jump with joy. "It *must* be a 'D,' then!" she cried. "Mother, Mother, isn't that letter there a 'D'? And you know, Mother? I guessed it all alone."

One second later, Bimba was on the floor, crying because Vieri had hit her. Chocolate stilled her pain, but not her logic. "He hit me because I guessed right. Bad boy!" she said bitterly.

"Oh, no," he said. "All *she* knows is the alphabet."

"Well," said their mother, trying to sound amused, "isn't that what *you* are supposed to know?"

AND here I left home, threatening never to come back. I did come back, though, after an early lunch, just in time for the battle of the spoons, which is a variation of the noisy ceremonies known as "breakfast," "lunch," and "dinner." The spoons abandon the local route from dish to mouth and back to fly from wall to wall. It is not amusing for grownups. When orderly spoon traffic was resumed, I lay down to take a nap. An hour later, rested and pleased that there was silence in the house, I went back to my desk and saw there Bimba, her face very stern, sitting on my chair and nodding with great dignity to the white wall in front of her. Then she turned her head to the right and to the left and nodded graciously in those directions, too. But as soon as she saw me, she cried, "Go away, you disturb me!"

I said, "No, my child. It is *you* who are disturbing *me*. This is my desk, and here I work. You have your toys in your own room." Which seemed a reasonable plea for the withdrawal of occupying forces from foreign territory. But she threw herself on my papers and began to sob. Her long hair fell into the open inkpot while her fingers rumpled my precious notes. "Now you have ruined everything," she said. "Now I can't play any more."

It took me and her mother a long time to understand what she was saying. Finally, the words were washed clean from the sobs and began to make

LONDON: LOVE, LIFE, AND LETTERS

HERE WAS MR. PEPYS

Sometimes he must have thought, So this was I!,
Then turned another page to verify
The secret testimony. Live and well,
Hot, lusty, curious—here was Samuel.
Here was the look, the semblance, here his own
Amazed accounting, for himself alone,
Of every day—begun, spent, so to bed—
And how he must have marvelled as he read.

A man he saw both sensual and cruel,
At times a coward and, perforce, a fool,
Vexed with his lot, mean, greedy, discontent,
A faithless husband, seldom penitent,
Teased by ambition, fretted by desire,
Who walked with dark mischance (the Plague, the Fire)
And felt it mock him and his chattels, wife,
All he possessed and was. Lord, what a life!

And yet a fellow lucky to survive,
Cut for the stone, miraculously alive,
Aware of ecstasy on earth, aware
Of dancing monkeys at Bartholomew Fair,
A fine hog's harslet, or a chine of beef—
A happy man, bedevilled, too, by grief,
But pleased by quiet candlelight to note
His darling lute, his wife's new petticoat,

The endless spectacle he loved so well
Of life, of London, and of Samuel:
Sam at the play, St. Olave's, or the Sun,
Sam kissing Nelly, Deb—or anyone—
Sam with the courtiers in King Charles's reign,
Cocking an eye at Lady Castlemaine.
A man he saw, and hardly looked with pride,
Yet felt, no doubt, resigned. And satisfied.

DEAR PRUE

(From Her Obliged, Obedient Servant,
Richard Steele)

At noon he wrote her to remind
A lady to be loving-kind,
Alert, by afternoon, for him,
Expectant in the interim
Of evening, hopeful of the night.
He wrote at intervals, contrite,
Impassioned, when it would occur
To him, so languishing for her,
From Button's Coffee House, from town,
To set a protestation down.
The more convivial he grew
The oftener he sighed, "Dear Prue,"
And in forlorn dispatches said
He pined to be with her abed;
Would fly, within a pint of wine,
Another and another line
Of desperation, words that were
Rhapsodic of return to her—
Enough to fill a hefty tome.
Instead of simply going home,
R. Steele made literature. (Dear Prue,
I wonder which he meant to do.)

MARGARET FULLER IN CHELSEA

I can accept the world, the plan
Allotted to the race of man.

But Margaret Fuller's brag was worse.
She could accept the universe.

Carlyle said, "By Gad, she'd better!"
And so did everyone who met her.

—Helen Bevington

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sense, if still in a queer way. "I was a queen," she said. "I was greeting my people, and now you have ruined everything."

"But can't you be a queen in your own room?" I asked. "Or in mine, on that big chair over there that really looks like a chair for a queen? Come with me, now. I'll show you how you can be a queen and see the people pass."

"Oh, no! Oh, no! Now they have gone. They can't pass."

"They will. Just try. Come on," I said.

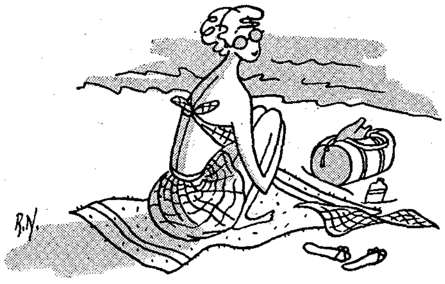
"Stop being stupid, Father. Stop pretending. I know they won't pass. They told me they wouldn't."

"All right, then. Try and let them pass here at my desk, as they did before. But don't you touch my papers!"

"I wasn't touching them when you came in. And now I can't be a queen . . ."

And never was it harder to console a queen for the loss of her throne.

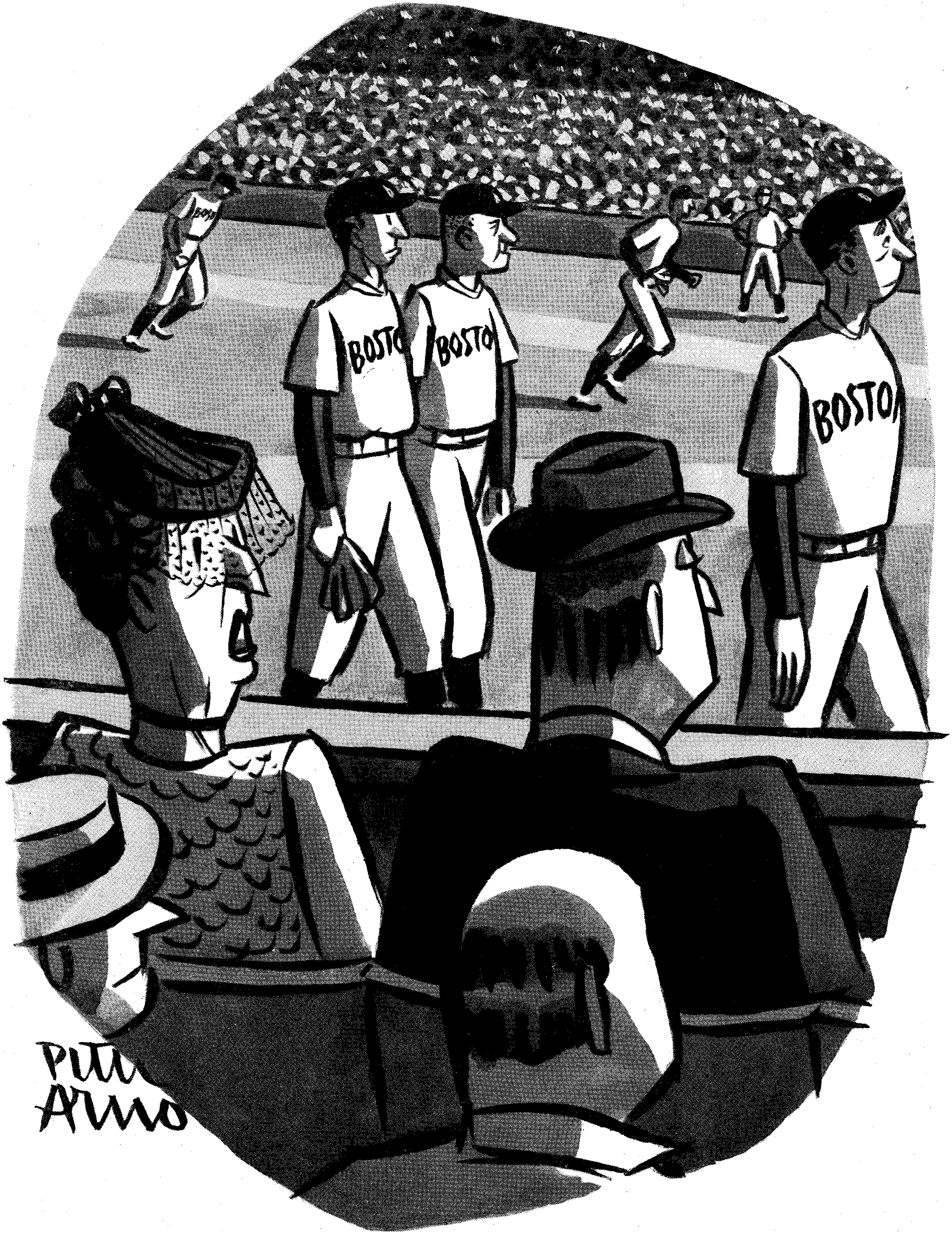
A HALF hour later, having won back my rights, I sat at my desk in my own chair, sternly determined to evoke a certain month of June from a certain past century, in order to test certain conclusions of my own. But nobody from that past century came for me. No one paraded between me and the wall. My chair here stayed a chair and I a man whom the shadows of fantasy refused to obey. None of the kings or queens or common people, none of the places in the world (mountains or towns, or the places in time—mornings and evenings and nights) came to the service of my pen.



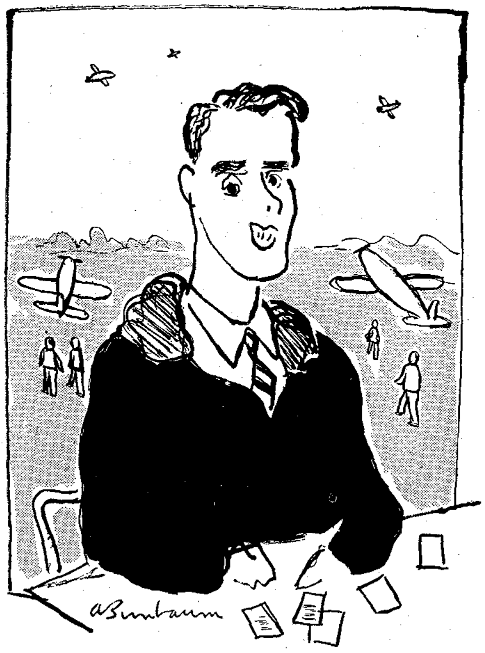
This was the day I lost. Now it is night and I must work. The night, at least, is mine. And that's my pencil there, under that couch. I see it resting quietly on a half-eaten chocolate bar. But I am tired; perhaps a little sleep will do.

I go to bed, and it is good to feel heavy. . . . But what is this? A bugle—blows—explosions! The truce is over. The children live again. They have decided to come back. A new battle begins; also, a new day. In the frame of my window, houses, trees, and clouds have grown out of the dark, like sudden flowers on a meadow in spring.

—Niccolò Tucci


BOSTO
BOSTO
BOSTO
BOS
Peter Arno

"They don't look Bostonian."



Charles Fountain Willis, Jr.

PROFILES

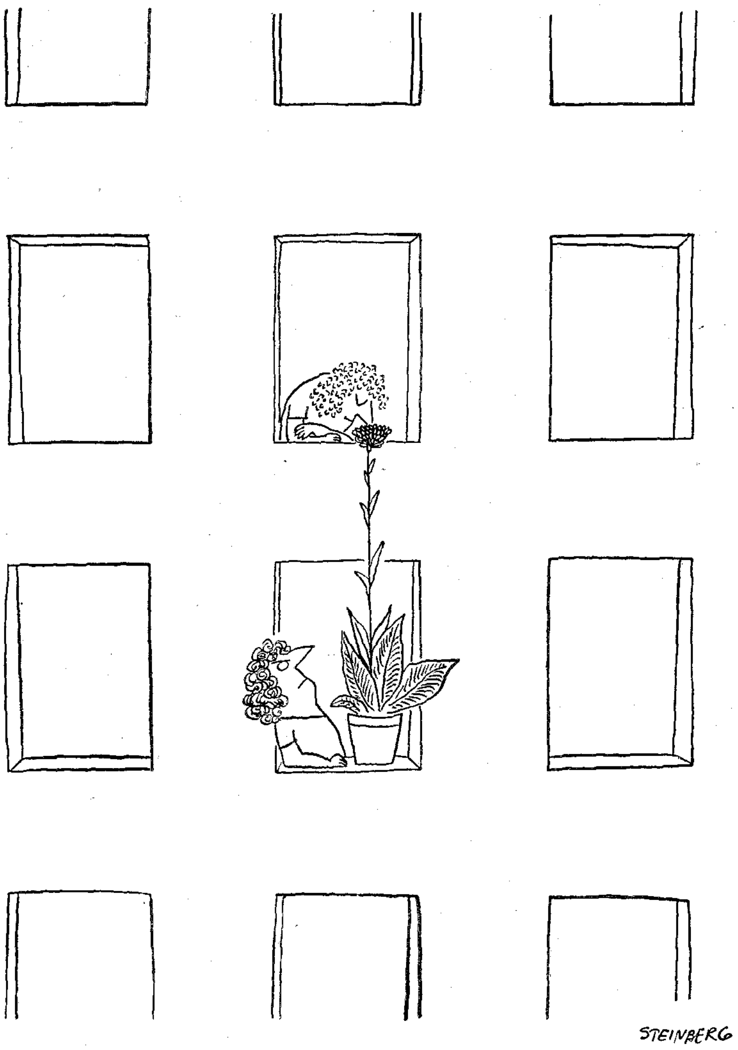
SQUARING AWAY AND TURNING TO

ONE of the few potentially valuable assets acquired by this country as a result of the war is a large body of veterans who, whether or not they could do much of anything before the Army or the Navy took them in hand, can now fly an airplane. Thousands of these young men are currently engaged in trying to make a peacetime living out of the lessons they so grimly and hastily learned for combat. Many such pilots, of course, are merely the paid help of the big airlines that are permitted by the Civil Aeronautics Board to make flights on regular schedules over prescribed routes. Many others, however, have started flying their own planes for their own airlines, or what they have come to call airlines, although few, if any, of them are yet flying regular routes on regular schedules and nearly all of them, given the slightest reason to believe there is money in it, will gladly take off at any time for any destination. The operation of these small lines—generally known as nonscheduled carriers, despite the fact that the C.A.B. has no objections to letting some of the more reliable ones run scheduled freight flights—is a new, complex, and adventurous business, which, in addition to keeping a lot of pilots busy, has become a catchall for the related earthbound skills of a multitude of other young men, many of whom had no skills at all before they went into the service.

In the first eighteen months after the surrender of Japan, nonscheduled-carrier lines were set up in this country at the rate of about six a day, and even if the prospects are perhaps not as promising as they once appeared, many more hopefuls are still entering the field, buying up whatever surplus planes and surplus ground equipment they can, and dipping into the still well-stocked pool of maintenance technicians, likewise declared surplus. Dealing in sums bigger than the average man in uniform ever dreamed of handling, the entrepreneurs of these lines borrow money wherever they can get it to buy or lease huge cargo planes, to rent office and hangar space, and to meet large payrolls, in the hope of being able to make an even more impressive showing on the other side of the ledger by flying lobsters, furnaces, cows, tourists, orchids, and anything else that can be lifted off the ground. The owner-pilots are thankful that they are no longer under the tension they were in the days when they ran the risk of meeting enemy planes, but they have a new set of worries, for they are in deep and they know it, and they conduct their affairs with the same curious combination of eagerness and wariness that used to characterize them as they set off into what they supposedly sang of as the "wild blue yonder." For the most part, they are enthusiastic about the air age, about private enterprise, and about themselves, and in their optimistic insistence that there is plenty of money to be made in their business, they sound as uniformly orthodox as they look zippered up in their flight jackets, each stencilled with its owner's name, each scrounged by him somehow, somewhere, while in the service. Some of the upstart companies have been absorbed by the big airlines, and many more have already gone bankrupt. None of them, so far, have made any money to speak of.

A WHILE ago, I met a nonscheduled operator who went in almost at the beginning and has stuck it out. He is a stubborn, ambitious, twenty-eight-year-old ex-Navy flier named Charles Fountain Willis, Jr., and he is the founder and president of the Willis Air Service, Inc., which in his more dashing moments he likes to call the Commander Line. At the end of the war, Willis was a lieutenant commander in the regular Navy, getting about seven thousand dollars a year. Now he draws a salary of forty-two hundred dollars a year, which is no more than his expert mechanics make. He doesn't resent this comedown, which he regards as only temporary. His big objective in leaving the Navy was to become independent. "I wasn't fed up with flying," he told me, "but I didn't want to be forever pushing throttles for some other guy. And I didn't want to be just another jerk selling insurance. What I wanted was my own company. The money is there to be made. All I have to do is keep my head above water until a lot of little two-bit operators quit lousing up the business."

Willis was in the Navy for five and a half years, and he still uses Navy expressions, like "chowing down" for eating and "sacking up" for sleeping. He speaks with a mild Southern accent, a carryover from an early Baltimore childhood and school days spent in Florida, where his parents sent him because he had had rheumatic fever. He is a good-looking young man with a thin face and weedy brown hair that he doesn't bother much about having cut now that he is out of the Navy. He worries about his business all the time and has a vague, casual manner toward everything else, which, as a friend once remarked, "makes Charlie seem as if he was going to stay twenty-eight for the rest of his life." Willis was born in Beaumont, Texas, and at an early age was brought East by his family. His father was superintendent of elementary schools in Baltimore for several years, later lost his savings in a semi-philanthropic effort to run a camp for delinquent boys, and is now employed by a Baltimore shipbuilding company. Young Willis attended the University of Florida, majoring in psychology to please his father, and in 1940 was graduated with a B.A. Flying rather than psychology appealed to him as a career, and the Navy seemed as good a way as any of getting into it, so he went to a recruiting office, where, since nobody mentioned rheumatic fever to him, he decided he might just as well say nothing about it either. Upon being accepted, he put in for pilot training. He received an arm wound during the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor (Purple Heart); he volunteered to take part in a PBY torpedo attack on some Japanese cruisers off Tonolei (Distinguished Flying Cross); he made a landing, under fire, in an amphibian plane off the shore of the Japanese-held island of Vella Lavella, and rescued Brigadier General LaVerne Saunders and the surviving six members of his B-17 crew, who, after having been shot down, had taken refuge there (an oak-leaf cluster for his Distinguished Flying Cross); he spent four days and nights adrift in the Pacific in a rubber boat the one time the Japs shot down *his* plane; and, after having been transferred to the European Theatre, he sank a German flak ship off the coast of England (a second cluster for his D.F.C.). He then came home and, in June, 1944, married Grace Eddy, a Boston débutante he had met at a party given by his squadron. After that, by Willis standards, he all but loafed his way through the rest of the war as a volunteer night-fighter pilot on ship-based planes in the Pacific. In the Navy, he was known as Whiskey Willis. Now he neither drinks nor smokes. He likes to quote passages from the Bible, one of his favorites being "Judge not, that ye be not judged." He lives with his wife and a twenty-two-month-old daughter in a cottage on the former estate of Mrs. Joseph P. Davies at Oyster Bay. Mrs. Davies' daughter is married to a man who was Willis's traffic manager until he resigned not long ago to enter the toothpaste-tube business. He is still a director of the company.



Willis got the idea of starting an airline during one of his last night-fighter missions in the Pacific, when, for the first time since Pearl Harbor, it occurred to him that he might come through the war alive. In the fall of 1945, while waiting around New York for the Navy to give him his discharge, Willis persuaded four ex-Navy fliers to go into business with him. Three of them put up two thousand dollars apiece and the fourth three thousand. Willis himself invested two thousand, which represented his entire savings. They bought a twenty-thousand-dollar ex-Army plane from the War Assets Administration, which let them have it on a three-thousand-dollar down payment, and rented desk space on Wall Street. After some painful struggles with the intricacies of business organization, the group succeeded in setting up the Willis Air Service as a privately held corporation authorized to issue six thousand shares of stock at a par value of one hundred dollars each and with a financial structure that, although it sometimes seems rather loosely put together, has apparently thus far accomplished its purpose. "It's kind of tough to explain our financial end," Willis has been known to say. "Sometimes it's kind of tough for us to understand what we're doing ourselves." For a while, the five veterans constituted the airline's whole staff and the plane practically its whole inventory. Today the Willis Air Service has six planes in operation and a hundred and three employees, ninety per cent of them Navy veterans, and its paid-in capital amounts to something like two hundred thousand dollars. All stock in the company is owned by people who work, or have worked, for it; Willis himself has been allotted two hundred and fifty shares for founding the company. He has been fortunate in that two or three of his associates in the company have been in a position to buy substantial amounts of stock. One of these is Robert Rose, the twenty-five-year-old son of a Sears Roebuck vice-president, who was a pilot in the Naval Air Transport Service during the war and is now executive vice-president of the Willis line. The stockholders have elected Willis and Rose to serve for the next ten years as the members of a two-man voting trust with power to direct the affairs of the company, thus ensuring continuity of management and doing away with corporate fuss and complications. Once, when Willis was being congratulated by an acquaintance on the simplicity of this arrangement, he looked surprised that anyone should consider it unusual. "Why, it's just a matter of the stockholders' trusting the management, which is me," he said. "So I asked them to give me and Bob Rose all the voting rights for the next ten years and they agreed to it."

During the company's first year of operations, it lost about five thousand dollars a month. Willis put his wife to work in the office to save the expense of a paid secretary. In bright moments, he bought planes; in dark ones, he sold them. Gradually, he has been more nearly breaking even. He operates his planes out of an informal, irregularly shaped New Jersey airport, a favorite of Sunday fliers, that was once known as Bendix Field and is now called Teterboro Air Terminal, half a mile from Hackensack. Teterboro is built on a long, narrow tract of low, wet marshland. It has two macadam runways that cut through an expanse of coarse reeds, brushwood, and cranberry bushes. There are a lot of pheasants and rabbits in the brush, and sometimes the people who run the place have to chase hunters, hunters' dogs, and berrypickers out of the way before they can signal a plane to come in. Willis was the first nonscheduled operator to use Teterboro as his home base. He chose it because, unlike the other fields in the metropolitan area, it did not charge a fee for each landing in addition to a monthly rental. Half a dozen other airlines like his have since followed him out there.

NOT long ago, Willis offered to drive me out to Teterboro and show me around. We agreed that he would pick me up the following morning in front of the Biltmore. The day turned out to be a blowy, drizzly one, but Willis, when I met him, seemed not to realize it. He was standing bareheaded beside a brand-new, battleship-gray coupé, wearing a baggy flannel suit that was also battleship gray but far from new and had sleeves that were too short for him. I hopped into the car and he got behind the wheel. As we started off, I remarked that it seemed to me like a good day to wear a raincoat, to which he replied genially that he wasn't wearing one because in his business he needed gasoline more than a raincoat. At our first stop for a traffic light, he squirmed around and leaned far out of the window beside him, and as he put the car in gear again, I asked him what the trouble was. "No trouble," he said. "Just looking at trucks. I always do that when I'm driving in town. I get some of my best ideas off the addresses I see on their crates. Last month, I saw a truck near Penn Station with some stuff going to Puerto Rico. That's how we come to be flying ladies' ready-to-wear down there now."

Looking about for trucks every time we stopped for a traffic light, Willis drove across town to the West Side Express Highway, which took us up to the George Washington Bridge. After we had crossed the Hudson, he settled down to some fairly brisk driving along a highway leading south. He kept his eyes steadily on the road, but I got the impression that he was barely aware of what he was doing and that he was thinking hard about something else. Finally, he said, in an absent-minded tone, that I'd have to excuse him for an hour or so during the afternoon while he had a talk with a plane broker who knew where there was a plane that he wanted to buy, a four-engined DC-4. It would carry over three times as much as the DC-3s the company was using. Willis told me that he had, in fact, discovered that the DC-3s couldn't carry enough cargo to make much of a profit. The government, he said, had sold its surplus DC-4s to veterans for ninety thousand dollars apiece, but some of the veterans who had bought at that price were merely front men for speculators, who were asking as high as four hundred thousand dollars for the planes. "I'm still walking around with holes in my shoes," Willis said. "One month we'll make a little, next month we'll lose a little. That keeps us levelled off. But wait till we get this DC-4 deal squared away. Then we'll really be able to turn to."

We swung off onto a rough dirt road that leads to the airport, which is not far from the highway. On our way in, we passed a flying school—a shack with three or four little red-and-yellow trainer planes parked in front of it—and a Quonset hut that Willis told me had been occupied by a nonscheduled line that had just moved to Newark. Several silvery planes were squatting on the field, and they loomed large and bright against the dreariness of the day and the fuzzy outline of Manhattan skyscrapers in the distance. Willis drove around behind the airport's administration building, a dirty-white wooden structure with a small control tower, enclosed in bluish glass, and parked his car next to one that looked as if it had been put together in Barney Oldfield's day. On one side of the building were three pyramidal Army tents. Willis said his line was using these as field offices. In front of the tents stood a four-engined plane painted olive drab except for its nose, on which was a picture of a young lady wearing bathing trunks and nothing else. Both the nose and the young lady looked badly beat up. Willis, staring moodily at the plane, told me it had been in an accident. "Happened three months after we got her," he said. "We didn't even have time to make her look like a civilian. She's no good any more, except for parts we can use on our other planes. She's a dog ship now."

Willis's operations office, I discovered, was not in one of the tents but in the administration building. It was about the size of a three-dollar room in a small-town hotel. In it were squeezed a desk, three chairs, a teletype machine for receiving weather reports, and two telephones, and on the walls there were charts showing where the Willis planes were at the moment and a number of photographs of Willis pilots standing in front of their machines and being kissed by pretty girls in bathing suits. Also in the room, and apparently not finding it in the least crowded, were half a dozen young men, all wearing flight jackets and arguing excitedly. They all said, "Hi, Charlie," as Willis made his way over to the desk and sat down, and then they all resumed their noisy argument, talking a fliers' jargon I was unable to follow.

"Get your feet off the deck," Willis said to me, as an invitation to sit down. I got my feet off the deck. He opened the bottom drawer of his desk and took out a flight jacket. "Got to put on my gear," he said, wriggling out of his coat, which he then stuffed into the drawer. He saw me looking at the photographs of his pilots in dalliance and told me they had been taken by a public-relations man who was no longer representing the company. "It sure was fun to have that guy around, until I decided he was too expensive, just to take our pictures," Willis said. "Now, will you excuse me while I find out what all this yakkety-yak is about?" He zipped up his flight jacket, rose, and wedged his way into the midst of his wrangling colleagues, while I poked about, looking at the charts and pictures. The argument grew louder. Willis went back to his desk and made some phone calls. Then he returned to the fray, and in a little while all the other men said "O.K., Charlie," and left. I asked Willis what the excitement had been about, and he replied that it had to do with ladies' ready-to-wear and shrimps. A Willis plane frequently takes a load of Seventh Avenue dresses down to Dallas and then hops over to New Orleans to pick up a load of shrimps for New York. The night before, the pilot of the plane had reached New Orleans and found that, owing to bad weather, the shrimp boats had not gone out for a week. Flying the plane back to New York empty—"deadheading" is the word cargo pilots have adopted from railroadmen for the distressing operation—would have meant a loss of about seven hundred dollars. Upon learning this, Willis had telephoned his traffic manager, who is stationed in New York, to tell him what was up, and had then talked the matter over with his pilot in New Orleans. The traffic manager had called back to say that he had locat-

Helen E. Hokinson

"Oh dear!"

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ed a New York wholesaler who wanted a shipment of bananas flown here from San Antonio, and Willis had ordered the pilot to go there and pick it up.

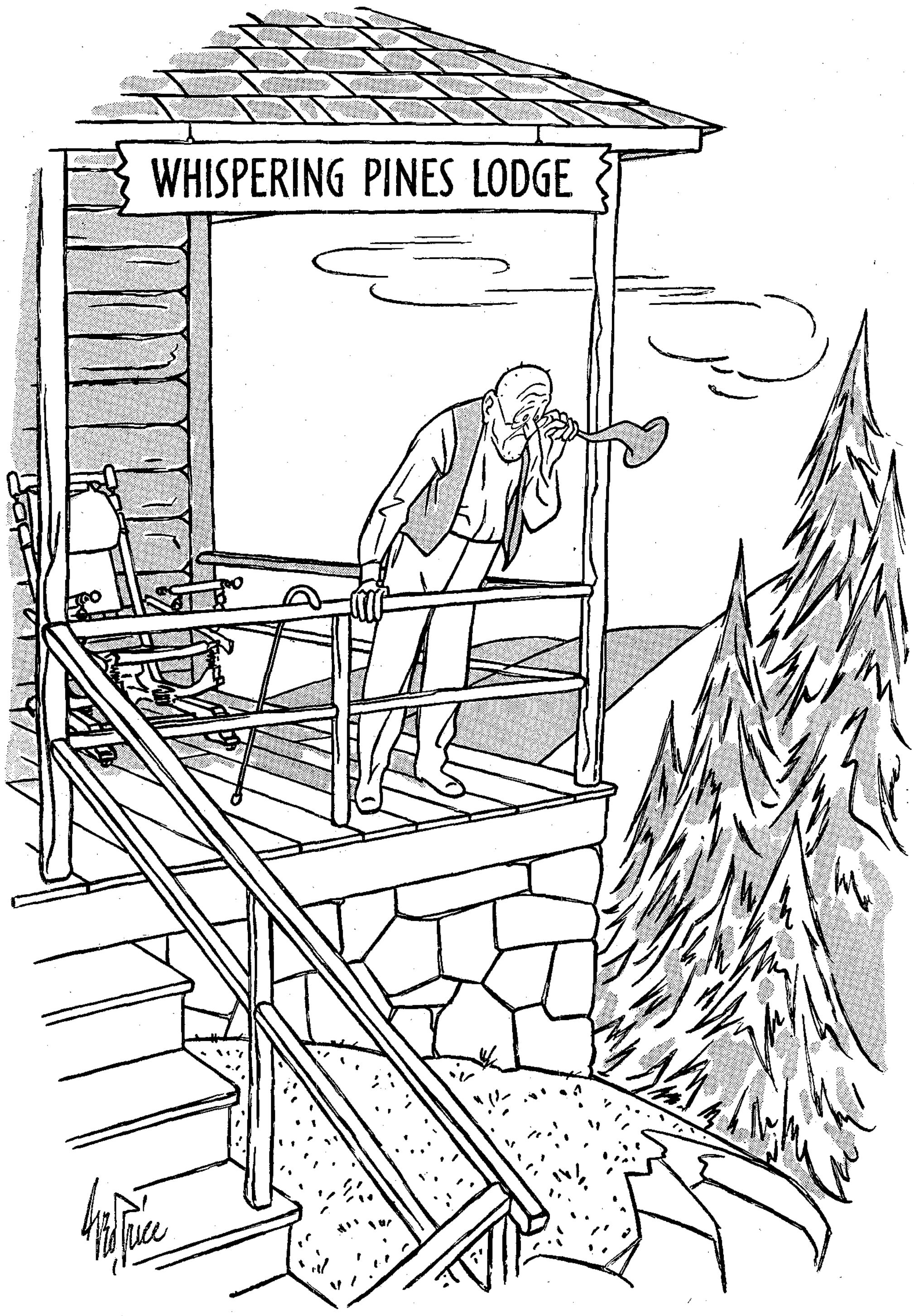
"We'll break even on the flight," Willis said grimly, as he unwrapped a stick of gum and offered me half. "This happens all the time, and it will go right on happening until we scare up enough freight so we can afford to fly scheduled. They've got things fixed down in Washington now so we can run scheduled flights if we want to, but it takes a lot of money to keep flying planes regular over a route long enough so the shippers will get to depend on you and give you enough cargo to fill up. It takes the kind of money we haven't got. Until we get the money or the cargo, we're going to keep getting loused up like this."

WILLIS said that he was now flying freight exclusively but that in the early days of the company he hadn't been in a position to be fussy. Passengers on his planes rode on crude bucket seats or benches along the walls of the cargo space. On the company's first flight, one of Willis's associates flew a shipment of penicillin to the West Coast, leaving New York on Christmas Eve, 1945, and managing to avoid deadheading back by taking aboard a load of Navy men who lived in the East and wanted to get home for New Year's. All that winter, which was a time when plane accommodations were hard to get, the company flew passengers on the New York-Florida run. Business was so brisk that Willis went around to the big Airlines Terminal Building, on East Forty-second Street, to see if he couldn't arrange to have his passengers assemble there. "Of course, I got thrown out on my ear by the big companies," he told me. "I was pretty naïve, I guess. Anyway, I'm glad to be rid of passengers. They're a pain in the neck. If a plane is late, you can't stick them in a warehouse. What's more, they're ungrateful. One time we flew a load of cut flowers up from Florida and a load of passengers back. The flowers made the plane smell real nice, but all those passengers kept yakkety-yakking about the uncomfortable seats and never said a word about the smell. What I like to carry best of all are animals. I love animals."

Willis figures that his firm made airline history several months ago when it started flying breeding cattle—Guernseys and Holsteins—from Teterboro to Bogotá, Colombia. Several other airlines had turned down the proposition on the ground that it was too untidy. Willis designed a canvas floor covering for the plane he assigned to the task, scattered straw on it, and set up stalls for ten head of cattle. It takes two weeks to ship cattle from here to Bogotá by freighter, river steamer, and train, and when the animals finally arrive, they are all shrunken and worn out from the trip. Willis gets cattle there in twenty-four hours—he has already carried about four hundred head—and they gambol down the gangplank fresh as daisies. Of course, Willis said, there is always the appalling possibility of having to deadhead all the way back from South America, but so far this has been avoided, thanks largely to shipments of jaguars, snakes, and anteaters being sent north for zoos.

I shuddered a bit at the thought of being aloft with a boa constrictor. "Oh, we carry anything," Willis said cheerfully. "Here, look at this list of what just one plane took off with from here this morning." He handed me a slip of paper on which was written "2 Tractors, 5 Dogs, 1 Embalmed Corpse in a Casket, 700 Pairs of Binoculars, 50 Sacks of Hardware, 1 Iron Lung, 100 Cases Ladies' Ready-to-Wear, 50 Cartons Packaged Lemon Juice."

"We're always a smash hit in small towns," Willis continued. "The other day, we made a flight into Salisbury, North Carolina, to get a load of orchids, gardenias, and roses. We were the first cargo ship to land in Salisbury in its whole life. Why, the mayor apologized because the runways were soggy and said he was going to have them extended, and everybody and their kids turned out to welcome us. And now they're extending them—the runways, I mean. Why, nonscheduled lines have worked up air freight to the point where the big airlines have started muscling in on it. We're just as safe as any scheduled line because C.A.B. regulations are the same for both. You know, a nonscheduled line carried some hatching eggs to Prague and broke only five per cent of those eggs, and then a big, scheduled line carried some eggs on a similar run and broke *forty* per cent of them. Says so in *Aviation News*."



WE were interrupted by shouts of "Chow!" outside, which Willis said meant that the lunch truck that supplies the airport had arrived. He went out and returned after a few minutes with two box lunches, each consisting of a limp ham sandwich and an apple. "That's about the best we can do for you now," he said apologetically as we inspected the unappetizing fare. "There aren't any real restaurants around here, so this fellow with a truck makes up these lunches and brings them out here and sells them to us for four bits a throw. Well, wait till we get this place fixed up. We're going to make Teterboro the leading air-freight terminal in the East. We'll even have a restaurant with tablecloths on the tables."

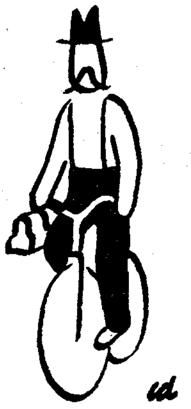
While we were eating, a stocky, black-haired man came in and told Willis that the plane broker had called up earlier to say that he would be a little late getting out to the airport. Willis said O.K., introduced the newcomer as George Enloe, another former lieutenant commander and now vice-president of the company in charge of operations, and told him to get his feet off the deck. Enloe sat down and lit a cigar. He and Willis, it developed, had got to know each other early in 1941 at Pearl Harbor, where they were pilots in the same squadron. They were asleep in the bachelor officers' quarters there when the Japanese attacked. Willis ran outside, crouched behind a pile of lumber, and, on looking around, saw Enloe shooting at Japanese planes with a pistol. Nearly four years later, when Willis decided to organize his company, he remembered that episode and asked Enloe to become his right-hand man. "I knew that anyone crazy enough to shoot at Jap planes with a forty-five would be crazy enough to go into this business," he explained.

Enloe looked embarrassed at this and rolled his cigar between a thumb and forefinger. Willis went on to say that Enloe and another man had been entrusted with the job of picking out the company's first plane from a batch of surplus aircraft put up for sale at Bush Field, Georgia. Willis said that he had wanted to go along, too, but couldn't because he was still trying to get out of the Navy, which was more reluctant to part with him, since he was a regular, than with Enloe, who was of the Reserve. "Come on, George," said Willis. "Let's hear about that trip you went on down there."

Enloe teetered back and forth silently in his chair for almost a minute. Then he took a long puff on his cigar and cleared his throat. "Well," he said slowly, "it was like Bank Night down there. Except you could hardly miss hitting the jackpot. I only wish to God we'd got a DC-4 then. Just before we got to the field, there was a little rise, and when we reached the top of it, there were all those planes, thousands of them, sitting on the Georgia ground as pretty as could be, mostly with pictures of sexy French girls on them. It was cold and rainy, and the field was red mud over our ankles, and we stayed out there in the rain for ten, twelve hours at a time looking at all the planes. We were that choosy. We wouldn't be so choosy today. We looked at every plane on the field, and there were more than four hundred of the kind we wanted. If one of them had a little hole in her fabric or a bad paint job, we'd give her the air and go on to another. By the time we picked out the one we wanted, we were ready to sack up for a week. But as soon as the sale was all squared away, we got right into her and brought her up here and went into business." Enloe put the cigar back in his mouth. "I felt like Eddie Rickenbacker or C. R. Smith," he said.

This remark seemed to strike both men as very funny. They repeated the names several times, each time breaking into loud guffaws. I asked them what the joke was. "Well," said Enloe, "I guess it's because we're trying to do with freight what Rickenbacker and Smith have done with passengers, and those big shots don't appreciate it. They want to take care of the freight, too."

Willis nodded. "But the big airlines are never going to be able to put *us* out of business," he said. "Look at all they got to fight." He tossed a typewritten list into my lap. "And that's just a few, under the letter 'A.' " The list contained the names of thirty-eight nonscheduled operators: Aero Flying Service, Aero Marine Service, Airborne Freight & Passenger Service, Air Cargo Transport Corporation, Air Charter Company, Airco Aircraft, Aircraft Services Company, Aircrafters, Air Facilities Corporation, Airflite, Air Freight, Airgo, Airpark Flying Service, Air Pick-Up Lines, Air Transport, Air Travel, Airways Service, Airworthy Services, Alamo Airlines Service, Albany Airways, Albany Seaplane Base and Flying Service, Alexandria Aviation, Allied Air Freight, Al Ma Air Transport, American Air Export & Import, American Air Express, American Fly Away Service, Apache Flying Service, Arizona Aviation Service, Arrowhead Airways, Associated Aviation Company, Atlantic Air Charter Flying Service, Atlantic Air Lines, Atlantic Central Airlines, Atlantic Western Air Lines, Aviation Service Company, Aviation Services, and Ayer, Noble.



"We say the more the merrier," Willis assured me when I had examined the list. "Economic efficiency requires competition, as the man said. Why, this whole country is based on the principle that whoever can get in there and dig ought to be given a chance to dig."

WILLIS stood up, stretched, and suggested that, rain or no rain, I have a look at the field. Leaving Enloe, who said he had some work to do, we went out and walked along one of the runways. To our left was a long strip of black mud in which a bulldozer was thrashing about, doing the spadework, Willis told me, for two new forty-five-hundred-foot runways. "Fred Wehran—that's the man who owns the airport now—got a mortgage loan of a million dollars from Standard Oil to improve the field," he said. "In return, Fred gives Standard the gas concession here. They may even give us another million, for more improvements. I say 'us' like that when I really don't own a nickel's worth of the field, but sometimes I can't help feeling as if it was mine."

We approached a large, new, silvery hangar on which some construction men were still working. "This really *is* ours," Willis said, looking at it fondly and then going up to it and banging the palm of his hand against its side. "Well, actually I guess you couldn't say it's ours any more than the field is, since it's being built by a contractor who's going to lease it to us. It's costing him a hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars to build. But," he added firmly, with another bang of his hand, "once we get in here, we're going to stay in."

We strolled over to the Willis freight station, a small, unpainted wooden shack. In front of it stood a twin-engined plane with the company's name painted on its sides. A man in overalls was moving crates up a ramp from the shack into the plane. Willis asked him how things were. "Busier than bird dogs, Charlie," the man said. Willis looked inside the plane. "Loaded to the gills," he said. "She's just about ready to take off for the South with stuff from a whole bunch of companies."

A tremendous, fat-bellied PBY that had been droning about overhead finally came in and taxied heavily across the field. Willis looked at her longingly. "I flew lots of P-boats like her," he said. "It broke my heart to lose one in the ocean. Oh, glory, she's one ship I'd like to own!"

AS we headed back toward the administration building, the drizzle blowing into our faces and the muddy field clinging to our feet, we passed a tractor of the kind used to tow planes in and out of their hangars. It was driven by a grinning, red-headed young fellow who said "Hi, Charlie!" and asked Willis how things were. "Busier than bird dogs," he replied with determined enthusiasm. When we had walked a little farther on, he said, "You know, I feel pretty damn good. That tractor cost three thousand dollars—a little tractor like that! It belongs to us. One tire on that plane we looked into costs a hundred and five dollars. This whole place is getting to be like Times Square, and when I first came out here, there was nothing on the field but a couple of little Cubs. When I'm out on the field like this and my men act as if they enjoy seeing me, it makes me feel pretty damn good. I'm working with a group of associates, not with a bunch of laborers. They're all buying stock in the company. We're all partners, like a Chinese laundry. I'll never take more out of the company than I need to live on—a car, a house, and a little plane to knock around in. The rest will always go back into the company." He drew a deep breath. "Just give us a little time," he said. "When we get through out here, we'll have one of the most important terminals in the country. We'll have stratofreighters flying in here—million-dollar planes with a pay-load capacity of forty or fifty thousand pounds. Why, do you know the immediate annual air potential for New York-to-Florida women's-apparel traffic, at rates of ten to fourteen cents a ton mile, is almost two million pounds? You wait till all these wildcat operators get out of the freight business and leave it to the big responsible companies—companies like Willis, Slick, Flamingo, Flying Tiger, California Eastern, and U.S. Airlines. We're in business to do business. And we're all at Teterboro except Slick and California Eastern. Maybe you didn't know it, but LaGuardia Field is sinking at its east end from two to four feet every year. Next year, it will probably be below the level of Flushing Bay. Why, I wouldn't go out to LaGuardia if you paid me." We hadn't walked more than a hundred yards when his right foot sank deep in a mudhole. "Damn!" he exclaimed. "You never know what's going to happen to you around here."

We stopped in at one of the conical tents and found Enloe seated at a desk poring over a sheaf of arrival-and-departure records. He told Willis that someone was waiting to see him in the main office—not the plane broker but an air-freight forwarder and shipper from Cincinnati—and volunteered to go and get him. The wind began slapping the canvas around and I asked Willis if he wasn't afraid when a real storm blew up that the tent would collapse. "Hell, no," he said. "We've been operating in here like a front-line deal ever since we came out to Teterboro, and nothing's ever blown down yet."

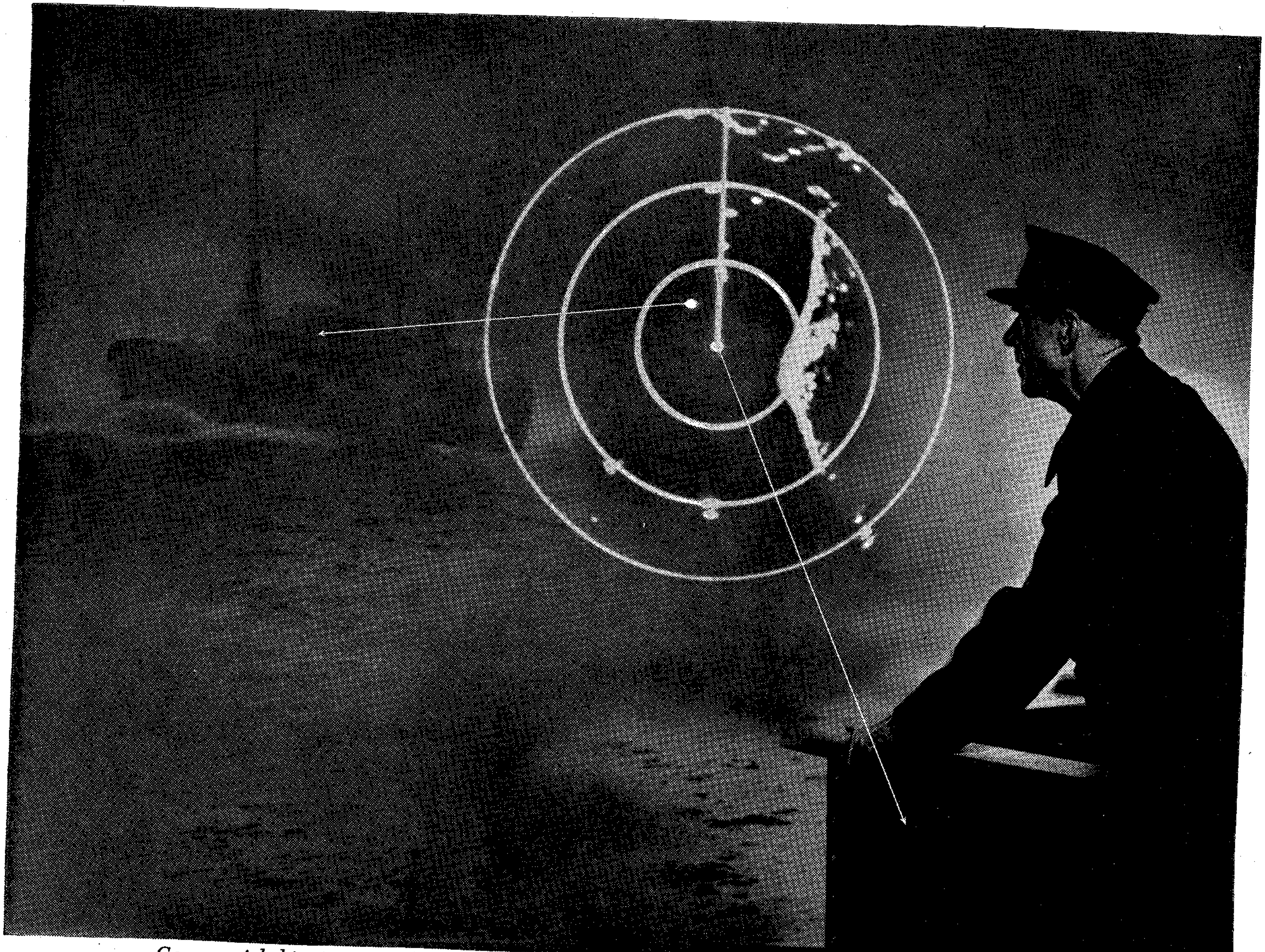
Enloe returned with a forthright, easygoing young man in a brown tweed suit, who introduced himself as John Stewart. He had been a captain in the Army Air Forces. He said that he had been in the nonscheduled-carrier business himself until recently and had sold out to a large South American airline. Now he was making a living by scaring up cargoes of air freight and putting men like Willis in touch with the would-be shippers. He said he had heard that Willis was flying shrimps out of New Orleans. Stewart knew where he could pick up more shipments of shrimps down that way. Willis, looking interested, invited Stewart to get his feet off the deck. In fifteen minutes the pair had arranged for Willis to carry the shrimps, and then Willis stood up and said he felt so good about the deal he was going up for a little ride in the company's four-seater Stinson, which he occasionally uses to commute between an airport near Oyster Bay and Teterboro. "I suppose you'd better go in and talk to Mr. Wehran," he said to me. "After all, he's the one who owns this airport."

Stewart walked with me to the administration building. He told me he had been working at one kind of job or another since he was twelve years old. His father, one of the first plane pilots in the country, had been killed in 1929 while stunting. "Pop was a pioneer plugger for air commerce, but he never got anywhere with his idea," Stewart said dryly. "It took a war to give us the planes needed for this business. After all, the war killed off twenty-two million people, so don't you think it should have given us *something*?" He chuckled humorlessly. "Frankly, I'm not so hot about a lot of the guys who are mixed up in this air-freight business now. They all act like the great American boy—a combination of Henry Aldrich and Mickey Rooney. Hell, I've been earning my own living and supporting my mother and two kid brothers for eighteen years, and I've got no time to act like the great American boy. That's no way to run a business. Some of them even quote Tennyson—you know, that stuff about his vision of the world: 'Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails, pilots of *the purple twilight, dropping down with* costly bales.' Well, I know thousands of operators, and everyone thinks he's picked up the vision and is going to be the one to fill the heavens with commerce. 'Pilots of the purple twilight'—sure, sure. Me, I'm staying in this business as long as it pays, and if it doesn't pay for me, I'll get into something else. Right now I've got my eye on a nice little country paper out in California."

When Stewart had finally talked himself out and said goodbye, I went inside and looked up Wehran, who was sitting in his office, tilted back in a chair with his feet on a desk. He is a heavy-set, middle-aged man with a full, jowlish face, and he was wearing a brown flight jacket, a gray slouch hat tipped over one eye, and glasses rimmed with brown tortoise shell. He said that he'd heard I was coming out to Teterboro and that he supposed I wanted to know the history of the airport. Then, without waiting for an

JASMINE
PARFUM
It Smells
Good!
B TOBEY

"Well, it's certainly a new angle."



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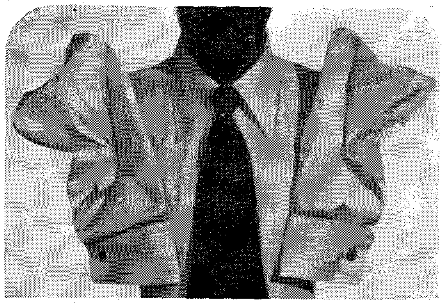

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*Less than 1%

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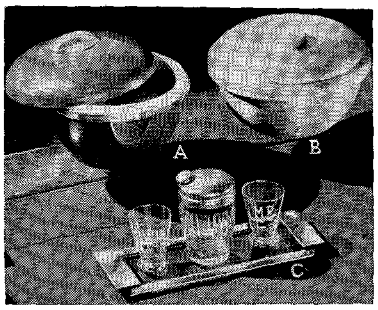

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answer, he told me that he had bought the property—approximately five hundred acres of wasteland with two turf runways on it—five years ago for about half a million dollars, of which seventy-five thousand was cash. By gradually installing improvements, he had made a going field of it, and now he was afraid he might have to start charging the boys landing fees in addition to rentals because he had sunk so much money in it. "Time I got some benefits out of it," he said. "When I come on the scene, we didn't have an aircraft on the field—no decent runways, no hangars, no nothing. I've socked in all the money I made running air freight up the Yukon. Now I got to make this field pay or Fred Wehran won't be owning it. Standard Oil will." He pushed his hat back on his head. "You see, all these boys have big plans, terrific ideas. So help me, one company just come on the field the other day with some torpedo-bomber fighters, the kind the wings fold up on, and they tell me they're gonna carry freight in them. Warehouse to warehouse. They say they can taxi these ships up Main Street with the wings folded up. No one's gonna tell them they can't succeed. You give them ninety-nine reasons they can't and, by God, they'll give you one reason they can, and go right on with the parade."

He looked out the window and pulled his hat back down, and, since he didn't seem to want to say anything more, I got up to go. At the door, I turned back and looked at him. He still had his feet on the desk and was staring out the window. "Everybody wants to own an airline and there's nothing I can do about it," he said, more to the window than to me.

I WENT back to the operations office and after some time Willis came in and sat down at his desk, looking discouraged. I asked him if something had gone wrong on his plane ride. No, he said, that had been nicely squared away. The trouble was that he had been unable to buy the DC-4. The plane broker had shown up, all right, but his price was too high. "He wanted a hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars for a ninety-thousand-dollar plane," Willis said bitterly. The broker's story was that in order to get the plane he would have to give ten thousand dollars to a man in Newark who knew a man in Florida, another ten thousand dollars to the man in Florida, who knew a man in Washington, and twenty-five thousand dollars to the man in Washington, a man who knew his way around the capital. "I turned him down," Willis said. "I want to get a plane honest. You start on a thing like that and you don't know where it will end."

We sat in silence for a long while, as the gloom of the murky afternoon gradually deepened. At last, Willis sighed heavily and said, "You know what this broker said to me? He said, 'Son, if you don't want this plane,' he said, 'why, that's O.K. with me. But I'll keep showing up around your office or where you live or where you drink, and by and by, when you come up to me and ask me for a dime for a cup of coffee, then I'll know it's time for me to put in a bid to start buying planes from *you*.' " Willis opened the bottom drawer of his desk and changed from his flight jacket to his suit coat. "Let's take off," he said.

As we were getting in his car, we heard a plane over the field and saw it come down through the clouds. Willis said it might be his plane, one that was overdue with a load of diapers being flown north from the textile town of Greensboro, North Carolina, to relieve an acute local shortage. We waited until it had landed, and then he drove out on the field to have a look. On the sides of the ship was painted "Ajax Skyfreight."

"Christ, I never even heard of them," Willis said. "Another new line."

Willis turned the car around and drove out to the main road. He didn't say anything until we had crossed the George Washington Bridge again, but I could sense that his spirits were rising. As we swung onto the West Side Express Highway, he hitched himself forward and took a firmer hold on the wheel. "You wait," he said. "Another few months and all these little two-bit outfits will be out of the business and then we can really turn to. We haven't done anything yet. Just wait."

—LILLIAN ROSS

•

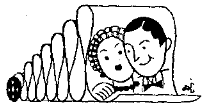
WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Church notice in the Denver Post*]

THE FIRST EVANGELIST
FREE CHURCH
1076 Acoma St
C. C. Carlberg, Pastor
11 A.M. "The Earth Also and the Works
That Are Therein Shall Be Burned Up."
7:30 P.M. "Dead Men Tell No Tales."
A WARM WELCOME AWAITS YOU.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

"Blast!"



THE idea behind "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir" is sufficiently engaging to make one overlook from time to time the lethargy with which the idea was put to work. The picture presents us with a house inhabited by a spook and a widowed lessee whose marriage, a loveless one, has left her with a small child but not much in the way of pleasant memories. The lady finally winds up, well advanced in years, getting disembodied solace of sorts from the spectre, but it takes her so long to reach this point that I'm not at all sure you'll be able to accompany her with any enthusiasm. Almost every scene is introduced with an exhausting gush of talk, and there's a lot of cute dialogue demonstrating the widow's habit of picking up rough language from the spook, an old sea captain whose gamiest expletive is "Blast!" I can assure you from personal experience that no one but a psalm-singing quartermaster would indulge in such tony invective. This is admittedly a niggling complaint, but I am weary of seeing women on the screen swoon when they hear a strong-visaged male growl, "Ah, forgive me, Madam, but the only word to describe my feelings is 'Darn!'" The acting in "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir" is rather monotonous. As the ghost, Rex Harrison indicates that he's a hearty old salt by laughing as tirelessly as a radio straight man, and Gene Tierney, as Mrs. Muir, speaks in a peculiar, purse-mouthed fashion that sounds as though it were the result of a correspondence-school course in elocution. George Sanders is arch to no purpose in the role of a married bounder who makes an unsuccessful attempt to cut out the ghost in the affections of the heroine, and it's a relief all around when he disappears to practice Lord knows what perfidy outside the confines of the script. There are some fine views of what is supposed to be an English seashore resort, and the haunted house is charming. If you're crazy about such things, don't let me dissuade you from seeing them.

THE passage of time will probably make me retract my opinion of "Repeat Performance," but until I am so contradicted, I've marked it down as the most boring effort of the year. It is concerned with a lady, played by Joan Leslie, who shoots her dipsomaniacal husband on New Year's Eve and then, by the divine machinations of Hollywood, is allowed to go back and live the past year over. On New Year's Eve the second time around, Hubby is dead again. Practically all the people in "Repeat Performance" are supposed to be overwhelmingly stylish, but you'd never know it from the way the folks converse. One bit of dialogue between the lady—an actress who is said to be in a class with Katharine Cornell—and her husband, a playwright, runs: "I don't deserve you, Sheila." "You *don't* deserve me." "In many ways, you don't deserve *me*." There is a lunatic in the picture who has written a garland of poems called "Songs from the Solar Plexus." One of them points out that "If you would flee from fate, first learn to flee your shadow under the moon," and another starts, "If only I had loved your flesh . . ." You'd do well to flee your fate and get out in the open air when this versifying begins, if you haven't already.

"THE UNFAITHFUL" is about a lady who is just that. Ann Sheridan plays the transgressor, who gives way to infidelity while her husband is overseas during the war. Later, she kills her paramour because he tries to force his way into her house. Her husband thereby discovers her indiscretion and decides to discontinue housekeeping with her. The problems of unfaithfulness and divorce are never quite squarely tackled, and the murder plunges the whole business into implausible melodramatics. The cast, however, is earnest, and Miss Sheridan is nicely supported by Lew Ayres and Zachary Scott.

"IVY" is the old Marie Belloc Lowndes thriller about a beauty with a weakness for homicide. As played by Joan Fontaine, this lady is elegant but unlikely. There's plenty of 1900 formality in the picture, but ceremonious manners and murder don't always mix too well. Anyway, in this film they don't.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

Mr. Warren is also a fuchsia, and camellia and will be glad to discuss any problems concerning the garden.—*Oakland (Calif.) paper*.

Isn't he too close to it?

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Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
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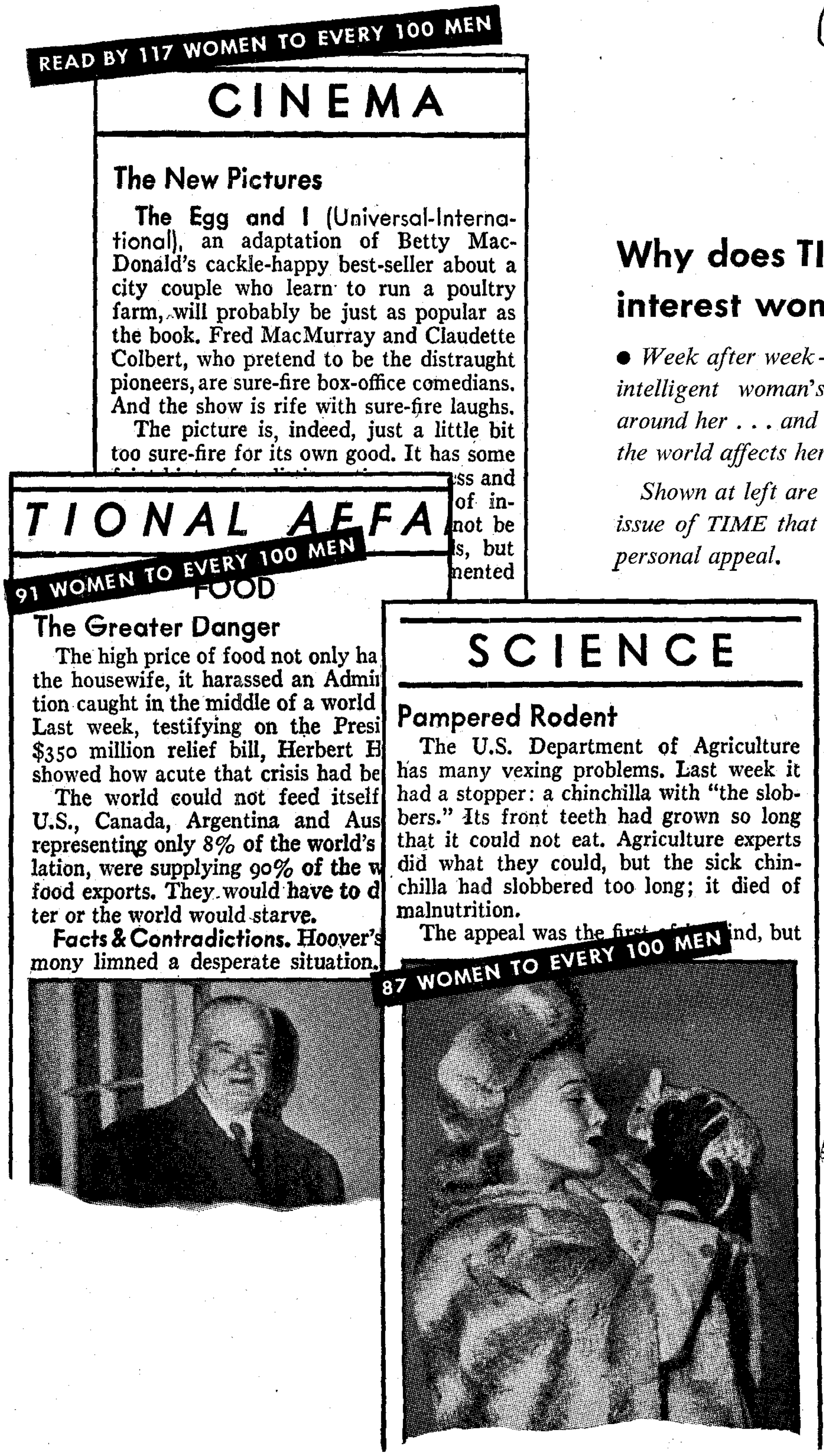
What in the world



READ BY 117 WOMEN TO EVERY 100 MEN

CINEMA

The New Pictures

The Egg and I (Universal-International), an adaptation of Betty MacDonald's cackle-happy best-seller about a city couple who learn to run a poultry farm, will probably be just as popular as the book. Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert, who pretend to be the distraught pioneers, are sure-fire box-office comedians. And the show is rife with sure-fire laughs.

The picture is, indeed, just a little bit too sure-fire for its own good. It has some
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of in-
not be
s, but
ented

TIONAL AFFA

91 WOMEN TO EVERY 100 MEN

FOOD

The Greater Danger

The high price of food not only ha
the housewife, it harassed an Admi
tion caught in the middle of a world
Last week, testifying on the Presi
$350 million relief bill, Herbert H
showed how acute that crisis had be

The world could not feed itself
U.S., Canada, Argentina and Aus
representing only 8% of the world's
lation, were supplying 90% of the w
food exports. They would have to d
ter or the world would starve.

Facts & Contradictions. Hoover's
mony limned a desperate situation.

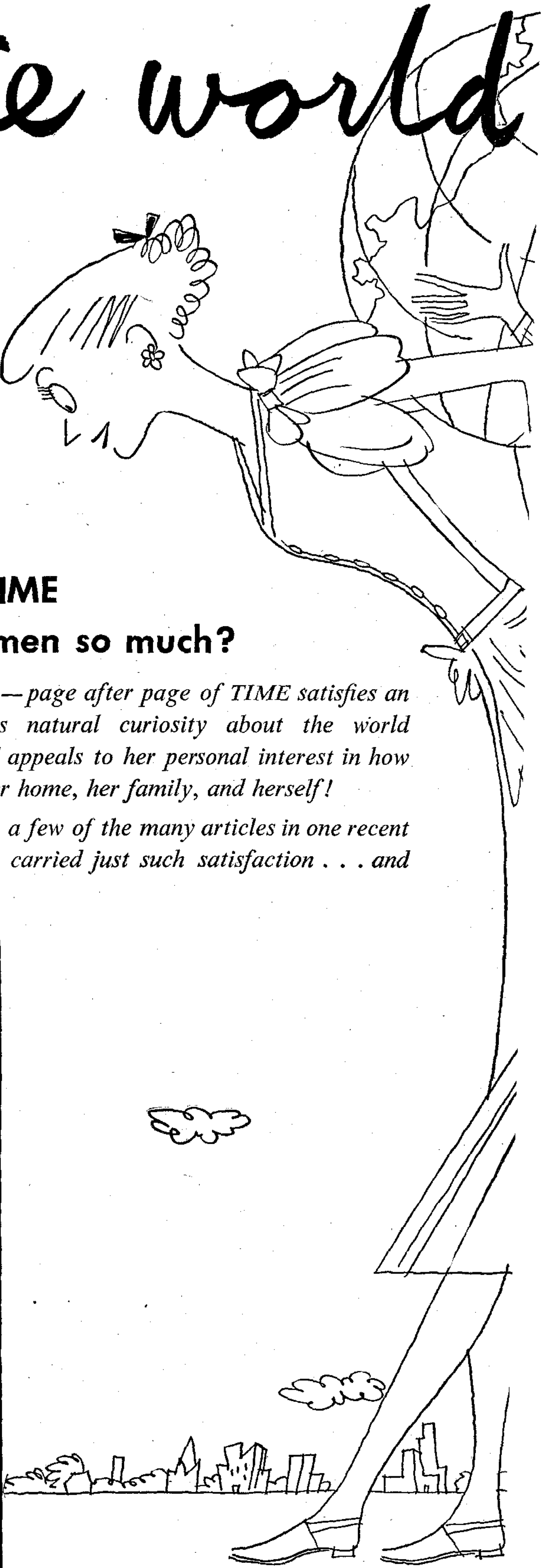
SCIENCE

Pampered Rodent

The U.S. Department of Agriculture has many vexing problems. Last week it had a stopper: a chinchilla with "the slobbers." Its front teeth had grown so long that it could not eat. Agriculture experts did what they could, but the sick chinchilla had slobbered too long; it died of malnutrition.

The appeal was the first ind, but

87 WOMEN TO EVERY 100 MEN



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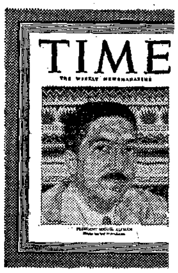
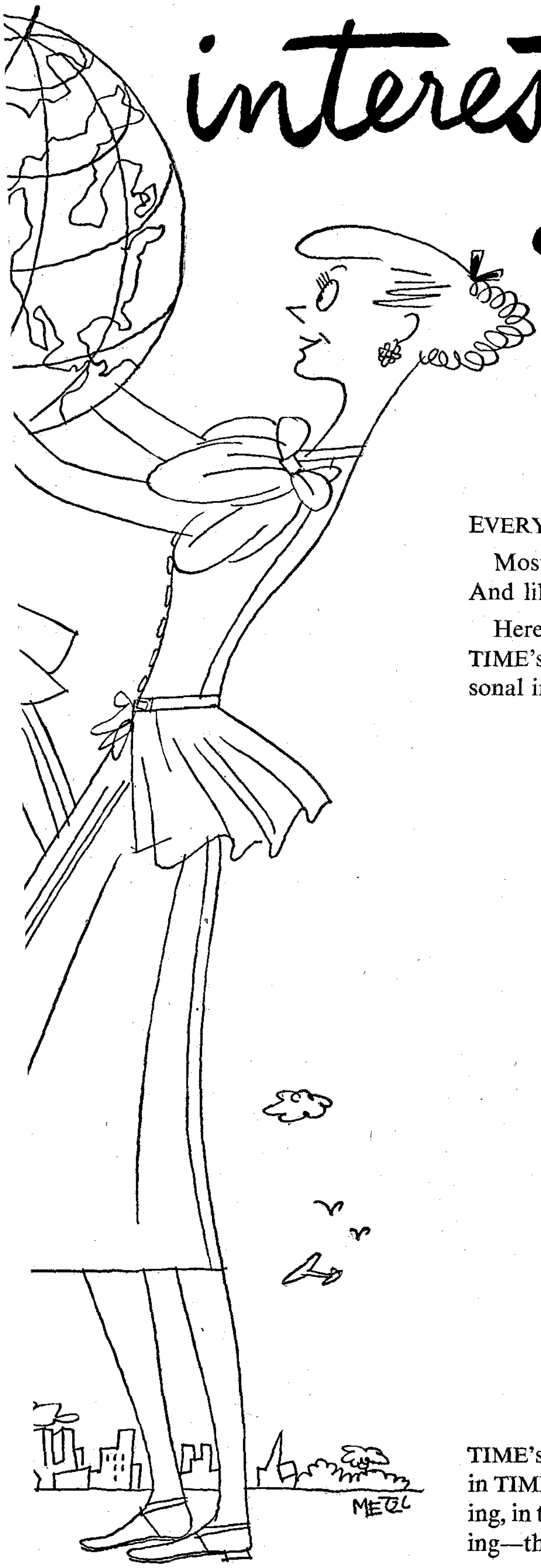


interests women?



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EDUCATION	96	Women
FOREIGN NEWS	81	Women
INTERNATIONAL	82	Women
LATIN AMERICA	75	Women
LETTERS	97	Women
MEDICINE	102	Women
MILESTONES	107	Women
MISCELLANY	101	Women
MUSIC	107	Women
NATIONAL AFFAIRS	86	Women
PEOPLE	102	Women
PRESS	81	Women
RADIO	85	Women
RELIGION	104	Women
SCIENCE	74	Women
SPORT	52	Women
THEATRE	118	Women

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HELEN HAYES
in
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Directed by **JOSHUA LOGAN**
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AND THE FISHES WERE BEAUTIFUL

Fred Griffin was going home from a pavilion dance. It was late and he had his lurching old Ford wide open. His eyes sullenly followed the single headlight as it dimly sprayed the narrow dirt road, which farther on, beyond the light, lay smooth and dark under the cold Wisconsin stars.

Fred was in a bad frame of mind. It had all started through his accepting a blind date. The girl was pretty enough, but she had just finished her first year at the state university and throughout the dance had done nothing but jabber about her experiences at college. Fred was just drunk enough to resent this. He had never been to college and was extremely sensitive about it. Her talk so exasperated him that he began to insult her—not cleverly but in such a way that he made a thorough ass of himself. In the end he had walked out on her. Now, as he drove home, he kept turning the evening over in his mind. The more he thought about it, the more uncomfortable and angry he became.

As he approached Gus Dubinski's Tavern, Fred decided to stop off and get a glass of water from the pipe that fed the trout pool in the little park next to the tavern. Fred walked past the tavern and down a short flight of steps into the park.

"Fish," Fred grunted, peering into the pool. With a rusted tin cup, he caught some of the clean, cool water pouring into the pool. He was a stocky young fellow, broad across the shoulders, with powerful hands and wrists, and as he stood there sipping the water, he felt like picking up a clod of earth and throwing it through the tavern window. He could not get the evening's distasteful memory out of his mind.

When he had finished drinking, Fred went back up the steps to the tavern and opened the door. There were two girls and Gus in the tavern. The radio was howling jazz and the two girls were sitting on tall stools at the counter. Gus was talking to them. He was a thick-bellied, middle-aged Pole, with fat, rosy cheeks and mussed brown hair. He wore a clean white apron and he was leaning on the counter, his elbows propped on the polished slab.

"Hello, Gus," Fred said as he walked up to the counter.

"Hello," Gus grunted.

"Give Hollywood and the child a couple of beers," Fred said.

One of the girls giggled. She was called Hollywood because she was movie-struck. She had sent a photograph of herself in a daring pose to one of the big film companies. When the photograph was returned, the postmaster had accidentally, so he said, opened the package. He was the one who had started to call her Hollywood.

"We were hoping you'd buy us a beer," said Hollywood. "We saw you go down to the park."

"I wanted to set you up and you wouldn't take it," Gus said to her, placing three beers on the counter.

"We know *you*," the other girl said. Her name was Edna and she was only sixteen.

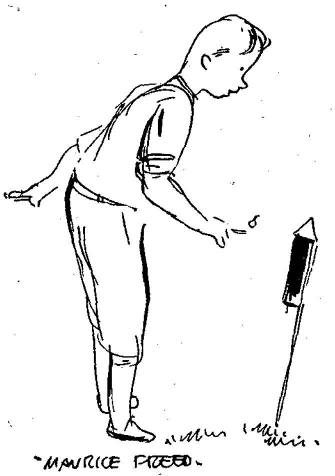
Hollywood bent her head toward Fred. She had thick, bobbed hair that shot out menacingly in all directions, like porcupine quills. "Gus is trying to get us down to the park," she said.

"Oh," Fred said, smiling. "So that's what old Gus is trying to do. He wants to show you the beautiful fishes, eh?"

"He's been trying to show me them all night."

"Me, too," said Edna.

"Better be careful," Fred said, winking at the bartender. "Old Gus is pretty dangerous stuff."



Gus guffawed. With piggish delight, he whispered to Fred, "Don't you think we oughta do that? Don't you think we oughta take 'em down to the park?"

"Absolutely," Fred replied.

Hollywood was now combing her quills. When she finished, Fred said casually, "How would you like to look at the fishes with me?"

"I hate those fishes."

"Not with me. Everybody likes 'em with me."

"I still don't like them," Hollywood replied sharply. Then, in a loud voice, "To hell with the fishes! That's all I've been hearing all night. If anybody wants to make a hit with me, they gotta buy me another beer."

"Give her one," Fred said to Gus.

When the beer came sliding along the counter, Fred intercepted it. He put his hand over the glass and turned to Hollywood. "All right, let's go down and see the beautiful fishes."

"Don't be foolish," Hollywood said, grabbing at the beer.

"No fishes, no beer." Fred took hold of her hand and tried to pull her away from the stool. "C'mon. We'll go down and look at the fish."

"No, let me alone," she replied, clinging to the edge of the bar.

For a moment the two stared at each other. There was a ridiculously indignant expression on Hollywood's square countenance, but Fred looked at her without smiling. He seemed to have suddenly sobered up.

"What's the matter with you, anyway?" Hollywood said at last. "What's come over you?"

"He's sore about something, that's it," said Edna.

"Well, I don't give a damn if he *is* sore!" Hollywood said.

Fred released his grip on her wrist. "Are you going with me to see the fish?" he asked intently.

"Don't be ridiculous."

"Answer me. Are you going with me to see the fish?"

"What *is* this? Is he bugs?" Edna said.

Gus was watching them, a half-smile on his fat lips.

"Answer me," Fred repeated, growing red.

"No," Hollywood said.

"Why not?"

"Because I don't care to."

"Why don't you?"

"It's none of your damn business."

Fred suddenly caught Hollywood's head between his two hands. She began to struggle and to complain that he was mussing her hair, but he held her firmly. "Gonna get fresh with me, are you?" he said.

"Let me alone, you!" she cried.

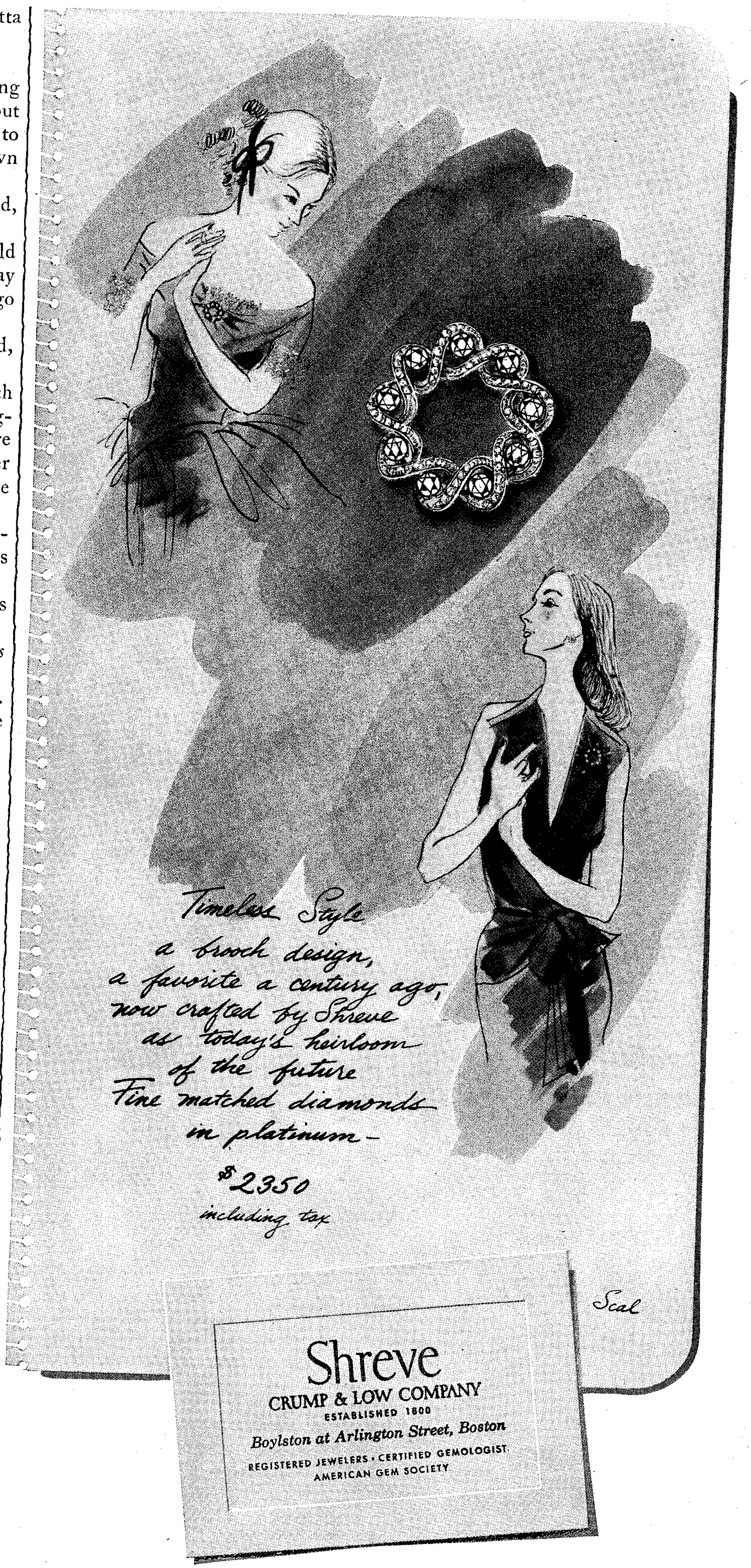
Edna turned to Gus and said, "Look at that. Absolutely gone bugs."

"Better take it easy, Fred," Gus said cautiously, and walked around the counter.

Ignoring them, Fred pulled Hollywood's head closer to him. "Now," he said, "I'm going to ask you just once more. Are you going with me to see the fish? Answer yes or no."

"No! And that's final!"

Lifting Hollywood off her feet, Fred carried her, biting and screaming, out



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the door. She shouted and scuffled all the way down the steps.

Edna tried to follow, but Gus held her back. "Calm down, kid," he said. "Fred ain't gonna hurt her. Any fool can see he's just joking." He reached around and pinched the girl's behind.

"Don't you try anything with me!" Edna cried, jumping away.

"Hell, I was just kidding," Gus said, and laughed.

They walked over to the window and looked down into the park. Fred Griffin and the girl were standing at the near end of the pond, beneath the window. He was holding her.

"DO you see the fish?" Fred asked. "Let me loose!" Hollywood said.

"Do you see the fish?" he repeated.

She didn't answer; she was frightened.

"Answer me!" he shouted. "Do you see the fish?"

"Yes," she said finally. "I see them."

"No, you don't! You don't see them at all. I want to show you those fish just as they are. We'll get down on our knees and bend over the pond."

Hollywood got down on her knees and Fred knelt beside her. There was a pale light on the water that made it look very cold. They were silent as they searched for the fish, and there was no sound but the steady pouring of water out of the long pipe.

"Do you see them now?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"How many are there? Count them."

She couldn't see any fish, but she counted anyway. "There are twelve," she said.

Then he counted. "Twelve, exactly. Correct." He helped her to her feet. "You've seen the beautiful fishes. Now we can go back upstairs and all have a drink on me."

She turned toward the tavern.

"I feel better now," he said.

He took her arm and guided her gallantly through the darkness to the steps.

—JEROME BAHR

•

SIR:

Due to the unavailability of paper, *Atomic Action Magazines* are suspending publication indefinitely.

H. C. BLACKERBY,
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—*Writer's Digest.*

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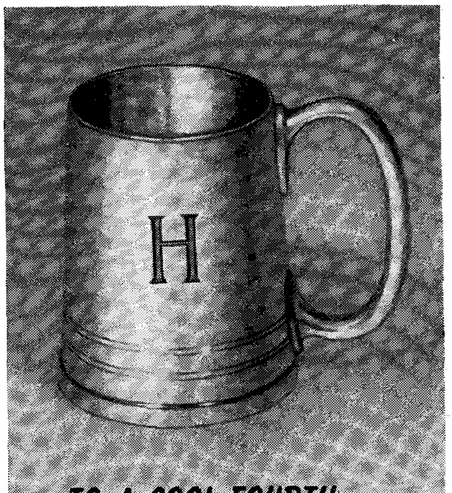

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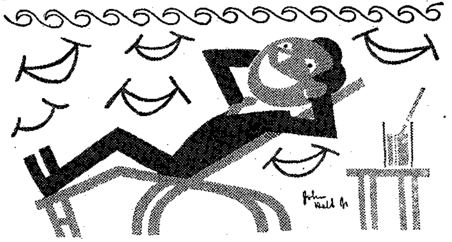

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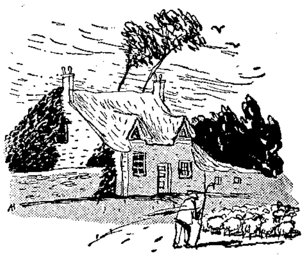
LETTER FROM GLYNDEBOURNE

JUNE 24



THE Glyndebourne Festival is again offering visitors its unique combination of lovely music, herbaceous borders, and a bite of elegant, cold buffet, all set against a background of quiet Sussex downs that look their best in the (with luck) late sunshine of a summer evening. The charm of Glyndebourne is so strong that there is never a shortage of enthusiasts willing to fork out two guineas for a seat and, what is more discomforting, to brave the cheers and hoots of London's non-operatic population by turning up at Victoria Station in evening dress at two forty-five in the afternoon to catch a train to Lewes, the snug little capital of Sussex, three miles from Glyndebourne. At the operatic festival's opening night last week, there were plenty of people who spoke of having knocked off early from their jobs and come down from London after a quick change of clothes, and there was also a good selection of the special brand of unsmart, musical, and elderly ladies who turn out for this annual event dangling ostrich feathers and amber, and lifting multitudes of petticoats to reveal sensible walking shoes donned for a brisk tramp round the borders of the Glyndebourne gardens. These gardens are so important a part of the occasion that the head gardener—Mr. Harvey, a gentleman in a tweed hat who wanders among the strolling crowds between the acts, listening sharply to what people say about his delphiniums—is listed on the program.

The Festival, which started in 1934 and was interrupted for six years by the war, always stirs up intense excitement in the neighborhood. Every room in the two leading Lewes pubs—the comfortable old White Hart and Shelleys—is taken weeks ahead, and there is a great preparatory polishing of copper warming pans and Regency mirrors in the antique shops. In Glynde, the tiny village of which Glyndebourne is the big estate, the interest is more proprietary. The villagers speak of "our festival" and, indeed, have quite a stake in it, since some of the singers' costumes are made in the district and the scenery is constructed by a local firm whose director is Mr. John Christie, the owner of Glyndebourne. The charming little opera house on the Glyndebourne grounds was built by the same firm to Mr. Christie's design in 1931, when he first planned to found a sort of English Salzburg without Salzburg's elaborateness. The townspeople have a chance to see how Mr. Christie is making out when he admits them to the dress rehearsals of the new productions, along with school children and any musicians who may not have the price of a regular performance.

The owner of Glyndebourne, whose musical taste is excellent and whose wealth, fortunately, is considerable, makes up whatever the Festival loses financially. Other somewhat similar British artistic enterprises have been bolstered by state grants, but such funds have so far been withheld here. Maybe the Government considers that Glyndebourne is attended too exclusively by the evening-clothes trade and is too much its rich patron's handsome and costly toy to be regarded as opera for the masses. Mr. Christie insists that it will go right on being as nearly perfect as he can make it, and he hopes eventually to be able to stage this sort of event before larger, less special audiences everywhere—not only in England but in the United States, Canada, and on the Continent.

The opera company's rehearsals for the Glyndebourne appearance start about four weeks before the first curtain. The members of the chorus and orchestra journey here daily, many of them coming from London, an hour and a half away. The principals stay in the house, a large pink brick mansion in the Tudor style, sitting imposingly among meadows dotted with Mr. Christie's herd of Frisian cows. In these preparatory weeks, the atmosphere of the place is rather like that of a large country houseparty at which all the guests happen to be remarkably musical. The gathering is presided over by the somewhat Dickensian-looking host and his pretty wife, who, as Audrey Mildmay, was before the war probably the most delightful Susanna in English Mozart lovers' memory. The guests are not here on holiday, however. When rehearsals with full orchestra are not going on in the theatre, bits of private practice can be heard at all hours in the various music rooms about the house. Tenors carol in Italian as they saunter through the rose garden, and conductors and artistic directors settle their ar-

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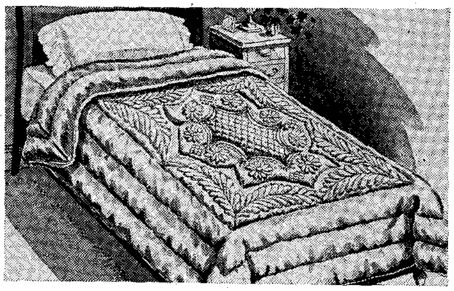

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guments while pacing around the lake on the estate.

LAST year, the Festival started its postwar career with a dish very different from its traditional delicate Mozart when it offered the première of "The Rape of Lucretia," by Benjamin Britten, the most brilliant of the young English composers. This opera, which calls for only a few singers and a small orchestra, was of a proper size to take over while Glyndebourne was trying to track down some of its prewar singers and discover some new ones in the tragic confusion of Europe. None of the old names, however, appears in this year's list of artists. Glyndebourne veterans from the Continent either disappeared in the concentration camps or are unable to pick up where they left off eight years ago. The one European figure who has spanned the break is not a singer but Carl Ebert, the artistic director, an extremely handsome, white-haired German who was Herr Direktor of the Municipal Opera in Berlin until thrown out by the Nazis. During the war, he served as musical adviser to the Turkish government and turned out, among other things, what must have been a very odd production of "Figaro," sung in Turkish.

This year, Ebert's presentation here of Gluck's seldom-performed masterpiece "Orfeo" displays his wonderful handling of crowd scenes, notably the one in Hades, where Orpheus searches for his dead wife, Eurydice. On Glyndebourne's tiny stage, he has contrived an underworld filled with a frightening mass of writhing, tormented bodies and beaked and feathered demons. In contrast, Ebert's conception of the Greek Elysium—though Gluck's music for it is celestial indeed—is the horribly dull and hygienic place that stage Heavens always turn out to be. The conducting of Dr. Fritz Stiedry, of the New York Metropolitan Opera, was highly acclaimed by all the critics, but the real hit of the first night was Kathleen Ferrier, a young Lancashire contralto, who sang the long part of Orpheus, a role scored in the original production, in 1762, for a male alto. Miss Ferrier, who is booked to appear with Bruno Walter and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony next year, not only sang superbly and moved with a classic simplicity that gave pathos to the mourning husband's frantic quest for Eurydice (beautifully sung by the American Ann Ayars) but looked superb, too, in her Grecian tunic and silvered bay leaves. In her honor, the Glyndebourne barman thought up a Kathleen Ferrier cocktail, a pretty green concoction of crème de menthe, brandy, and lime juice.

Glyndebourne had two first nights this year. The second one introduced a guest company, the recently formed English Opera Group, which presented Britten's new comic opera, "Albert Herring." The nucleus of this troupe is made up of the people who were responsible last year for the initial production of "Lucretia": Britten himself; Eric Crozier, the producer of "Lucretia" and the librettist of "Albert Herring;" John Piper, who designed the settings for both operas; and some of the singers, including Peter Pears, who played the original lead in Britten's "Peter Grimes." For his new opera, whose première he conducted himself the other evening, Britten has taken a libretto adapted from Maupassant's "Le Rosier de Madame Husson." For some reason, the scene of this cynical tale has been laboriously shifted from a French village to the alien, rustic air of Suffolk. In the original, a young man who has been chosen as the town's virtuous King of the May by the local wealthy patroness ends the day hopelessly drunk, having used the gold he won as a prize to have his first taste of alcohol. In the opera, young Albert (Peter Pears) simply comes home after a wild night out, during which he has done a little experimenting with rum in lemonade, and announces that he is not going to be Mrs. Herring's obedient little son in the future. Britten has set this tale to some of the most ingenious and difficult music that ever taxed a listener's ears or a singer's vocal chords. The result, though it disappointingly has none of the beauty of "Lucretia" or the grim dramatic power of "Peter Grimes," is a rattling good joke. It was sung with immense gusto and brilliance in Piper's setting of Victorian interiors and a marquee in a rectory garden. The roles include such unlikely operatic characters as an unctuous vicar, a village bobby, a local dowager, and a butcher's boy, who makes one entrance with the apologetic couplet "Sorry, Miss Pike, I punctured my bike." "This Britten may be very new and clever," one of the elderly Glyndebourne regulars was overheard saying mournfully to a companion during the dinner interval, "but he's not like Mozart, is he, dear?"

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

WHICH ALMANAC D'YA READ?

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OF ALL THINGS

THE enactment of the Taft-Hartley bill does not seem to have changed the attitude of the coal miner toward his work. He still likes his vacation better than his vocation.

•

Gael Sullivan, of the Democratic National Committee, intimates that the new labor law will be a major issue in next year's campaign, but it may not be as simple as all that. Rude persons are sure to point at the many congressmen of his party who marched with Taft and Hartley.

•

Foreign Ministers Bevin and Bidault are unhappy about the behavior of Mr. Molotov at the Paris parley. The impression prevails that the Soviet Minister came only to throw monkey wrenches and cold water.

•

A spokesman of the National Association of Real Estate Boards has admirably expressed the hopes and dreams of his organization. What this country needs, he thinks, is a good five-thousand-dollar house selling for seventy-five hundred.

•

It has been revealed that very slightly used cars are being sold here at twice the manufacturer's price for new ones, but no law is being violated. The situation will probably exist as long as we have a scarcity of automobiles and an abundance of suckers.

•

Pan American World Airways has added to human happiness by making regular round-the-world flights in one week. At least, we can now fly around the planet so fast that we can't see the bad condition it's in.

•

A number of G.O.P. representatives favor a Constitutional amendment permitting Congress to override a veto by a simple majority vote. This is not to be taken as a hint that the Republicans don't ever expect to have a President again.

•

It is hardly surprising that a Boston jury convicted Douglas Chandler. He was guilty not only of treason but also of besmirching the name of Paul Revere.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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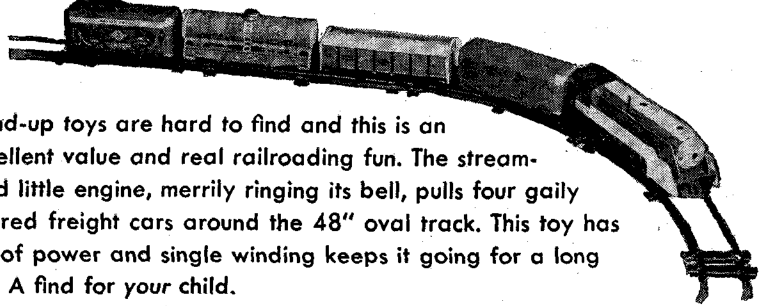

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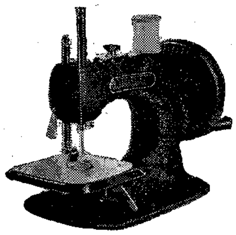

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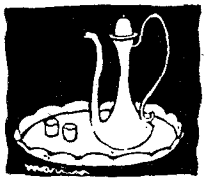
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

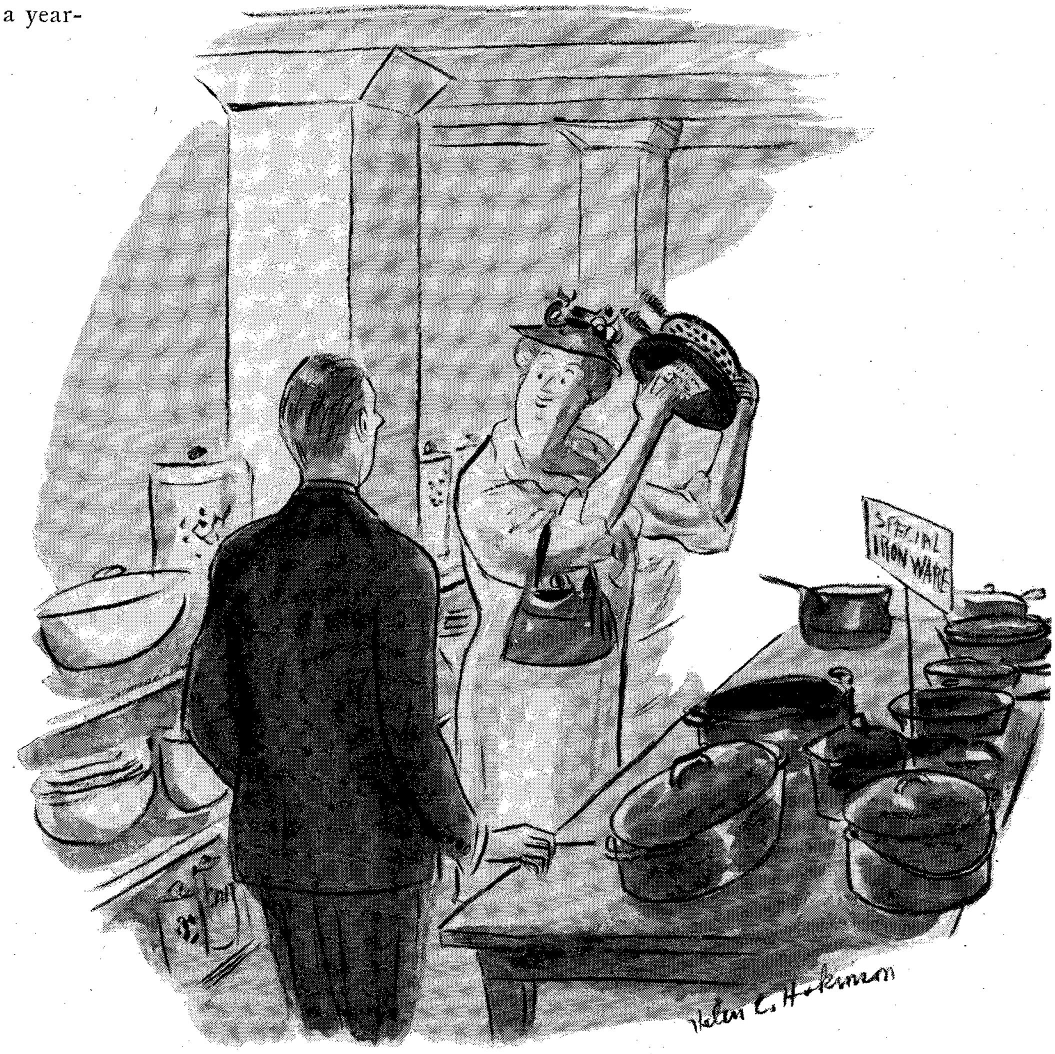
ABOUT THE HOUSE



PEOPLE who promised themselves during the war that they would get a household air-conditioning unit at the first crack of peace may like to know that a few cooling devices are again being offered. It is unlikely that any machines big enough to cool a whole house can be delivered and installed this summer before it's too late to bother, but if you have a room you wish to cool, and it's no larger than, say, fifteen by fifteen feet, you can have a cooler delivered and installed in about a week. If you can get along without a movie-house chill, and will put up with having your air merely filtered and circulated, you can take your pick of several devices.

The Sleep Shop at Lewis & Conger, to get down to particulars, has on hand a small cooler called the Mitchell Air Conditioner. It will fit into a window and needs no plumbing or special wiring to get it going. This one does a year-round job—it filters and ventilates in winter and, with the turn of a switch, dries and chills in summer; $404, installed (A.C. only). A ventilating device (no chill) called Windo-Wind has a louvered front that looks like a drawn Venetian blind when it's set in place in a window frame; behind the louver is a fan that simply sucks stuffy, hot air out of a room or an apartment and draws fresh, possibly cooler, air in through airy open doors or windows. A screwdriver and a handy base plug take care of the installation, but, as you can see, cross-ventilation is necessary to make the thing practical. It's tagged at $123.50 (A.C. only). And the shop has a small affair that cleans and circulates air and either cools or heats it, according to which button you push. The heating is done by an electric unit; the cooling, which is only moderate, is achieved by a three-gallon tank of cold water, over which the air passes in its course through the box and into which you can throw ice cubes to help things along. The contrivance is called Airette, and L. & C. claim that it's portable (it probably is, if you have an assistant); all you have to do is set it on a sturdy table and plug it in; $99.75 (A.C. only). Well, have fun, and don't make any mistakes with the push buttons.

Downstairs, on the main floor of Lewis & Conger, life is *really* humming in the housewares department. This section, concerned, as usual, with making life easier for kitchen bumblers who can't wield an ordinary can opener without stabbing a finger and can't open jars and bottles at all, has assembled an encouraging array of handy helpers. The Korkmaster ($4.95), for instance, is a corkscrew that leaves nothing to chance or to you. A long steel sleeve fits over the bottle neck, keeping the screw headed straight as an arrow as you twist it; then when you turn a handle at the side, up comes the cork in one beautiful piece. A little twenty-five-cent hand gadget has an ineffectual-looking leverage that makes child's play of releasing recalcitrant vacuum tops (the kind that is breezily marked "Pry up with the back of a knife") on jars, ketchup bottles, and paint cans. You might try it on ice trays frozen in the refrigerator, too. Screw caps come undone with a simple turn of the wrist when gripped by the teeth of a wall fixture called the Zim Jar Opener; $1.25. Another contraption to nail to your kitchen wall is a magnetized knife rack—scissors and knives fairly leap out of your hand, whack against it, and stick there; $2.95. One of the most impressive objects in the place is a potato peeler that clamps to a table like a meat grinder. You stick the spud on a spike that revolves when you turn a handle, and a fixed knife blade does the rest; $4.98. And there is a great deal to be said for the Oster Blender, an A.C.-D.C. electric mixer for fruit drinks, frozen Daiquiris, and the like, one point being that you can remove the glass bowl that is provided and insert a Mason jar instead, if you



"Do you mind if I copy the recipe off the bottom of this waffle iron?"

happen to be making mayonnaise or any other concoction that is to be put away.

APPARENTLY, the scarcity of new apartments has left interior decorators with nothing to do. At least, that's the only way I can explain the fact that they've again taken up decorating closets. Hammacher Schlemmer, hardly a giddy, frivolous concern, is showing two sample closets intended to bring efficiency and order into your house. One of them, for women, called the Carousel closet, has been fitted with a barber-pole-striped merry-go-round clothes rack, which is a wonderful idea for keeping a wardrobe in order. The other, for men, is called the Step-Up closet. It has the usual compartment to hang suits in and makes use of every spare inch of space for shelves and drawers, clear up to the ceiling. Its upper regions are reached, as you have guessed, by steps, but you may not have guessed that the steps are really a staggered bank of drawers. Hammacher Schlemmer can furnish you with a couple of experts who will fix up the closets in your house with either of these inventions. In fact, they can equip you with special jobs for almost anything—toys, radio-phonographs, linen, and what all.

PLAIN AND FANCY: McCutcheon has some ready-made seats to replace battered ones in old beach chairs. They're nothing more than lengths of awning-striped duck with hemmed ends and nylon loops at each corner—you just slip the loops over the framework and sit down; $1.95 each. . . . The firm of Joseph A. McAnerney, 315 East 91st Street, will take over the closing up of a town house or apartment for people who, having held back to see if there is going to be any summer at all this year, are suddenly in a desperate hurry to be off to the country and dismayed by chores that should have been done long ago—mothproofing rugs and furniture, putting on dust covers, and cleaning and storing curtains. . . . Sani-Wax, found in most houseware shops, is a woodwork cleaner that leaves the paint on the wood and also leaves a becoming waxy sheen in the wake of your cleaning cloth. I don't know how any house gets on without it. —B. B.

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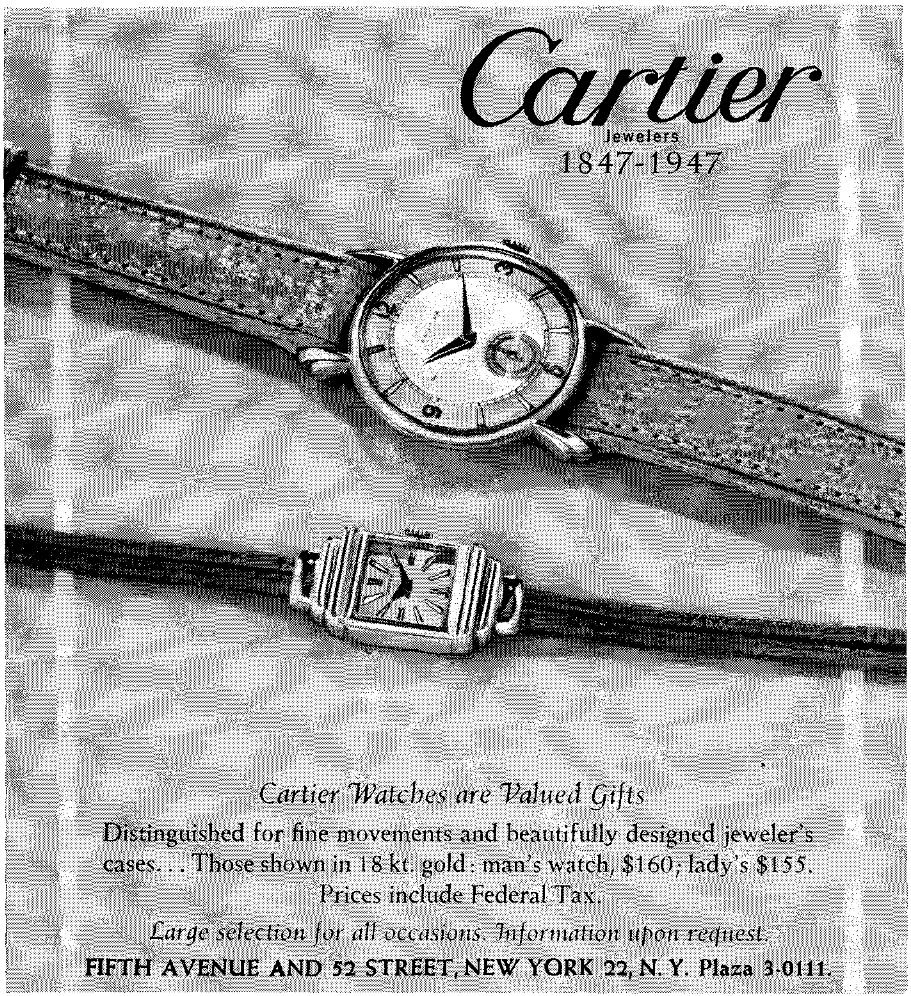
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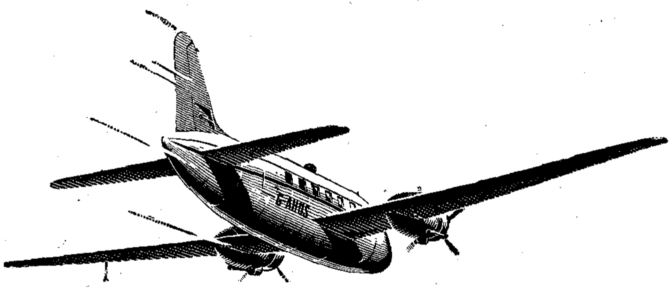
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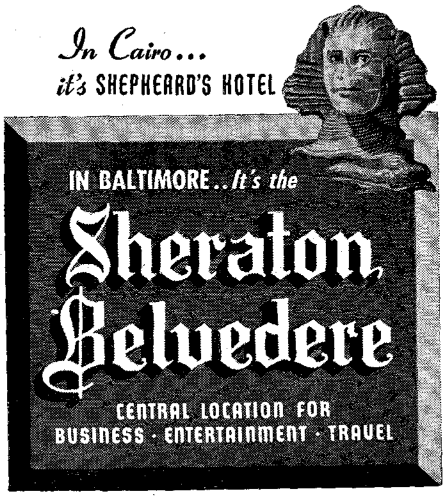
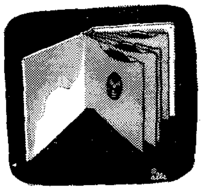


MUSICAL EVENTS

Popular Records

"STREET SCENE," though no longer a tenant on Broadway, continues its career in a splendid new twelve-inch Columbia album (No. 683), which includes all but three of the show's musical numbers, along with some helpful dialogue cues. The members of the original cast—with the exception of Norman Cordon, who is under contract to another recording company—and the "Street Scene" chorus and orchestra, conducted by Maurice Abravanel, are heard on the set's six records. The result is a fifty-minute version of an important American opera, which was cautiously described during its run as a "dramatic musical." Kurt Weill's "Street Scene," however, is an opera as surely as George Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess," even though both, to allay the accurate suspicions of most theatregoers that a serious theme was being infused with serious music, were staged under less forbidding nomenclature. This evasiveness seems to me only proper, because if a lusty American form of opera is to emerge from the wings of our musical-comedy stage, it might just as well avoid the bleak implications of the word "opera" and call itself any other suitable name invented in a back office by the uneasy producer's press agent.



The "Street Scene" album afforded me another chance at things I had only partly appreciated during the one performance I saw. It increased my admiration of the way Weill has, for the most part, translated an admirably suitable theme into musical terms, and it brought home the abundant poetic charm of Langston Hughes' lyrics. Through some fault of the stage production, and an occasionally excessive and adulterating use of the music itself, these qualities were muffled in the theatre. I think it probable that when "Street Scene" is revived (as I am sure it will be when Weill's music has been played around), editing and restaging will have made the piece more incisive, as "Porgy and Bess" was in its second appearance.

The three musical numbers omitted from the album are the "Ice Cream" song, which struck me as unnatural and troublesome in the score anyway; Maurrant's one solo, "Let Things Be Like They Always Was," which would have given the set a better balance; and the second-act trio, "There'll Be Trouble." Everything else is on hand—six songs that could easily be classified as show tunes, four ensemble numbers, a blues, a comedy-character piece, a mother's proud song to her son, a grotesque lullaby, a song for a kids' game, a tender operatic duet, a farewell duet, and—what is probably the high point of the score—Mrs. Maurrant's soaring and magnificent aria, "Somehow I Never Could Believe." This is fortunately graced by the best voice in the album, Polyna Stoska's soprano. It is a wonderfully designed piece, explaining a central character with insight and ardor. There is nothing, I believe, in "Porgy and Bess" to match it, not even the plaintive "My Man's Gone Now."

My allusions to "Porgy and Bess" are not accidental. The two scores have much in common. For example, the chorus that opens and closes "Street Scene"—"Ain't It Awful, the Heat?"—could be transferred to "Porgy and Bess" and not seem out of place. A later song, "Wouldn't You Like to Be on Broadway?," is a twin to Gershwin's "There's a Boat Dat's Leavin' Soon for New York" and is sung, in a similar situation, by two characters who have almost exact counterparts in "Porgy." And, more than this, the jump from Catfish Row to the city street where the Maurrants live is one of miles only; they are very nearly the same place.

There are musical echoes in "Street Scene" that give the score a superficially disjointed air, making it what I suppose some people would call "eclectic." Weill, ever since "Johnny Johnson," his first Broadway score, has referred continually, and too literally for the references to be considered entirely unintentional, to familiar bits of music by other composers. "September Song," the closest thing to a commercial success he has written, is an artful modification of the old chestnut for violin, Drdla's "Souvenir." The recurrent and untitled plaint from "Johnny Johnson," later called "To Love You and to Lose You" for publication, follows exactly in its title line the melody of the title line of Paul Dresser's "Come Tell Me What's Your Answer." Weill continues this practice, though not quite so obviously, in "Street Scene," adopting a style that is strongly reminiscent of Gershwin and, at times, of Puccini. The point is, however, that the score has a passionate life of its own and a sincerity of expression that transcend its derivative aspects. Therefore, I can wave aside occasional clumsy lapses in the lyrics (try singing " 'neath the whitewashed palings" to a fairly rapid phrase of music), and in at least one I thought this awkwardness refreshing. If ever there was a musical-comedy song, "Wrapped in a Ribbon and Tied in a Bow" is it, musically. It's not likely to become a hit, though, because the words are so engagingly gauche. It is an account of a young girl's graduation from the Gilliahan School of Applied Commercial Art and is coltishly sung by the younger members of the cast.

The young lovers in "Street Scene," played by Brian Sullivan and Anne Jeffreys, tenor and soprano, have two affecting duets. One is the operatic "Remember That I Care" and the other, set in the conventional framework of the popular song, is "We'll Go Away Together." Randolph Symonette, a bass who played City Marshal James Henry on the stage, is heard in place of Norman Cordon in the album's only selection from Maurrant's music—"I Loved Her, Too," sung at the post-murder meeting between father and daughter, in which the comments of the chorus of the other tenement dwellers can be heard. "Lonely House," a solo by Sullivan, is another fine job. "Moon-Faced, Starry-Eyed"—the most vivid number in the show because of the savage *pas de deux* performed to it by two overheated adolescents—is wisely reduced to a single orchestral chorus. The rapid-fire gossip of the women tenement dwellers, "Get a Load of That," and Mrs. Maurrant's glowing song to her young son, "A Boy Like You," are other bright moments.

It is my feeling, as I've already indicated, that this version of Elmer Rice's tragedy is the only exciting American opera to come along since "Porgy and Bess" and that its career is just beginning. —D. W.

•

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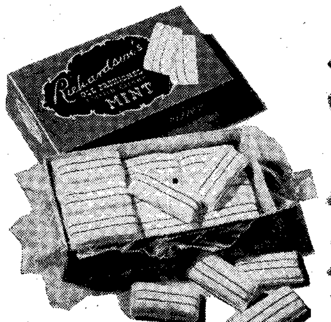

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THE EASTERN QUESTION

I WAS interviewing prisoners in Osaka one afternoon, when a former Japanese officer named Matsuki was brought into the orderly room. I had him wait for a few minutes while I signed some requisitions and sent them off by a messenger. Then I asked him to sit down. He was a very erect, very military young man, who managed to retain his dignity even in bulky blue prisoner fatigues. According to the records, he had not participated in battle against our forces but had fought in Manchuria and China. He spoke English well, although he had never been to the States, and had great curiosity about American life. I had talked with him once before. This interview was a routine one to complete his forms.

"May I smoke?" he asked politely as he sat down and carefully crossed his legs.

"Of course," I said, and searched through my desk drawer for the forms.

"May I be permitted to ask a question?" he said, after a moment's hesitation.

"Yes, you may," I answered.

"I was noticing that drawing on the wall." He pointed to our bulletin board. "If I would not appear impertinent, may I ask the reason for it?"

I glanced up at the board. On it, someone had pinned a Virgil Partch cartoon of a G.I. taking a bath in his helmet. The helmet was resting on the ground, and only the soldier's head protruded from it.

"It's a cartoon," I said. "A joke."

"I thought that was what it was," he said, smiling. "I have been looking at them in American magazines. However, quite often I do not understand the humor of them. That one, for instance, I do not understand."

"Well, Matsuki—" I began, and then stopped. I wondered how a cartoon like that could be explained to a person who didn't get it.

When I paused, he said, "I did not think that decapitation was popular with the Americans."

"Decapitation?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "The head in the helmet would appear to be that of an American." He continued seriously, "In China, decapitation is not uncommon, especially as a punishment for criminals. Our own forces"—he hesitated—"adopted it. But I have never seen the head left in the helmet. Is that the humor of it?"

"No, it isn't," I said. "It isn't a decapitation. The man in the helmet is taking a bath."

He stared at the cartoon and then turned back to me with a look of suspicion. "A full-grown man could not fit into a helmet," he said. "It's impossible. Unless it was a very large one. That one, in comparison to the surroundings, is of regulation size."

"Yes, it is," I said. "That's why it's funny. That's the joke." I filled in the date on his form. "Because it's impossible."

He sat in silence, gazing at the cartoon. Suddenly, he turned to me. "Perhaps," he said, "if there were a hole in the bottom of the helmet, and deep into the ground, he could be standing in it taking a bath." I continued to write. A moment later, he said, "No, that could not be so. His shoulders would never fit into the helmet. He would have to be a man with an impossibly long neck."

"Matsuki," I said, "in the West we have a rather different standard of humor from yours. This seems funny to us because we're accustomed to this kind of joke."

"I see." He smiled courteously, almost condescendingly, and tapped his cigarette ashes into the turned-up trouser cuff of his fatigues. "But the man's neck could not possibly be that long."

—JAY HALEY

•

Q. My mother died 10 years ago and I live with my father. Last month we went east to visit my aunt. She gave a party for him and he acted the buffoon. He won five dollars by balancing his heels against a wall and drinking some beer standing on his head, scared ladies with an imitation garter snake, and pretended he was a cow in a fur coat. My cousin filled a rubber glove with water, punched holes in the fingers, and pretended to milk the "cow." Would you call this conduct normal, or is he getting senile?—*Minneapolis Times.*

He's senile. He should have filled the glove with milk, not water.

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From The Highway Traveler, April-May, 1947*]

Little known until 1925 and remembered by only a few as the birthplace of Adam Wagnalls, partner in the Funk & Wagnalls Publishing Co. team, the Cinderella Town suddenly took life when Mrs. Mabel Jones, daughter of the late Mr. Wagnalls, decided to erect a memorial in her father's memory. The half-million dollar Wagnalls Memorial was dedicated in 1925 amid pomp and pageantry. Even President Coolidge and Vice President Dawes were invited. Their letters declining the invitation are framed in the library.

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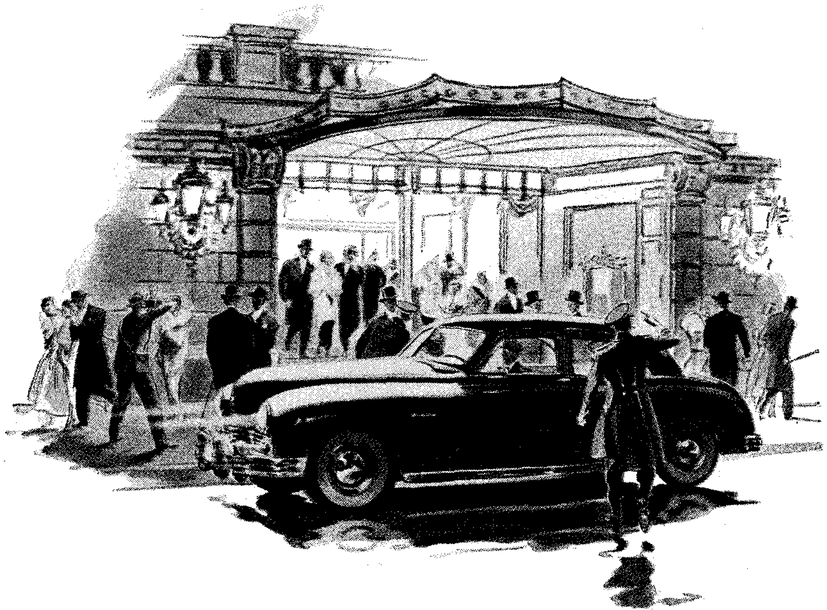

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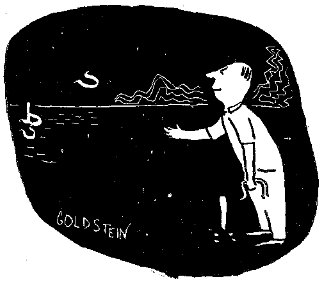
OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

TOWN WITHOUT A SAGE

Emporia, Kansas

SINCE the death of William Allen White, three years ago, Kansas has had no effective press agent. There is no question that Emporia, White's home town, has been the worst sufferer, for although, in his later years, the celebrated editor spent less and less of his time there, he continued to see to it that the town got its name in newspapers throughout the nation with gratifying frequency. A while ago, a number of public-spirited citizens of Emporia, in an effort to keep the memory of White alive, commissioned Jo Davidson to make a bronze bust of their hero. This Davidson did with dispatch and kindly intentions but with only a pile of photographs and a vague recollection of White to go on, which may have been unfortunate, for there appears to be some doubt here that the massive head and shoulders bear much resemblance to the beloved patriarch.

The bust was placed on display in a Manhattan art gallery early this spring, at which time several Kansans living in New York joined Ora Rindom, the Mayor of Emporia, Sallie White, the editor's widow, and "Young Bill" White in having a look. Davidson, too, was present, so there were no widely audible misgivings, and an expatriate Kansan was even heard to remark that "There's a likeness there if you look at it from a certain angle." Revisiting my native Emporia for the first time in eighteen years, I find that a number of the townsfolk have not been so polite. Basing their opinions on a picture of the bust printed in White's paper, the Emporia *Gazette*, which is the only local daily, and in the Kansas City *Star*, they have been composing letters to both papers, expressing, to say the least, disappointment.



At this writing, the bust lies crated in a New York warehouse while the well-meaning citizens of Emporia are trying to make up their minds where to put it. Harold Trusler, the big wheat man of the region, is chairman of a committee charged with the selection of a suitable site. One faction in the community favors keeping the statue in storage until the county authorities get around to building a new courthouse in Emporia, and then placing the statue in front of that. The courthouse is still only an idea, however, and other citizens suggest that White may be forgotten by the time it is finished. "Oh, well," a member of Trusler's committee said to me not long ago, "if we keep on haggling long enough, there'll be no one alive who remembers what William Allen White looked like. That will solve *one* of our problems, anyway."

Then, there are those who would like to see the bust placed on the grounds of the high school, facing Sixth Avenue. If the memorial were in that position, it is argued, tourists crossing Kansas on Route 50-S, which becomes Sixth Avenue at the city limits, would perhaps be able to catch a glimpse of the Sage in the midst of all the filling stations and funeral parlors that line the thoroughfare. It has been mournfully pointed out, though, even by some who in better political times would favor the high-school site, that the present despots, or Democrats, in Washington have hinted that if Lyon County, in which Emporia is situated, hopes to get any of the federal road funds it so badly needs, it will have to reroute 50-S along Eighteenth Street, in the north end of town. Should this come to pass, any statuary on the high-school grounds would have few admirers other than school children, gasoline-pump attendants, and morticians.

Bust or no bust, the citizens of Emporia can scarcely control their voices in discussing Route 50-S. They have seen Sixth Avenue, which was once a boulevard of fine homes, gradually taken over by the filling-station men, as well as by the undertakers, who have set up shop along the highway more because rents there are low than because of the business the location brings them. Emporia's north end is now its best residential section, and the people who live there are grimly certain that if Route 50-S comes up their way, a lot of those filling stations on Sixth Avenue will come with it. They are not so afraid of the undertakers, who, they believe, will remain happily, and profitably, where they are.

THE final disposition of White's bust and of the highway appear to have been matters of considerably graver concern in these parts than the floods that swamped the Kansas lowlands this spring. The approaches to some bridges

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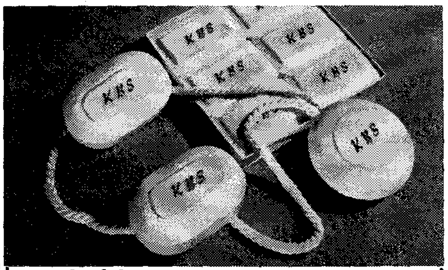
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were so often under two or three feet of water that they had to be marked with poles to keep drivers from straying into the quagmires of Kansas gumbo on either side of the road. Several of the bridges themselves were so weakened by the high water that automobiles had to creep across them one at a time. The wheat men I have talked to are not worried about the floods. Kansas, they say, will produce the greatest wheat crop in its history this year. They're talking on the basis of winter wheat, planted in fields a safe distance from any river and now soon to be harvested. The winter wheat has been doing fine. "A lot of rain is all right for a while in the spring," one wheat man said to me. "Means we won't get any later." Remembering the dry summers of a youth spent in Emporia, I was willing to take his word for it.

MEMBERS of the Rotary Club of Emporia and other citizens who hope to carry on for White by keeping the name of the town green felt for a while this spring that the principal cause for alarm had come not from the skies but via the Santa Fe Railroad. There alighted at the Emporia station one morning some time ago a dapper old man from the East who stayed in town only long enough to catch a branch-line train to Eureka, a community some fifty miles to the south. In a few days, the press announced that the dapper old man was Roger Babson, the economist, and that he had brought with him a map prepared by his staff of experts, who had chosen Eureka as the center of a "magic circle," said to be a hundred miles in diameter, in which they believed everything necessary to life on this troubled globe was contained or could be produced. It was further said that Mr. Babson was going to found a college in Eureka, offering courses to students of from twenty-five to eighty, and that he was going to sink great vaults in the prairies around the town, in which to keep his documents safe in the Atomic Age. There was also a humiliating report that, although Mr. Babson had plainly snubbed Emporia, he had, while aboard the branch-line train, taken a most unseemly interest in a place called Utopia, which is not a town at all but only a signpost on a highway and a whistle stop on the railroad. Mr. Babson is supposed to have seen the signpost and persuaded the conductor to stop the train. One quick look-around convinced him that Utopia, nice as the name sounded, was not the ideal center for a magic circle, so he got back on the train, which had obligingly waited for him while he inspected the site, and proceeded to Eureka. There, so the story went, he and various subordinates who followed him out from the East bought up all the property on the market, paying as much as a thousand dollars an acre for grassland that had been selling for no more than fifty.

When the people of Emporia read of this windfall that had passed them by, there was much consternation. "Why Eureka?" they asked one another. If Babson wanted to establish a college, why hadn't he chosen Emporia? After all, Emporia has a ready-made college—complete with buildings, campus, and a football team of at least eleven men and a few subs. The College of Emporia, the seat of Presbyterian Kansas culture, could do very handily with an affluent Easterner willing to spend up to a thousand dollars an acre for prairie land. Some perfidious Emporians went so far as to whisper that a Babson-endowed college would be more valuable to the town than a bronze bust of William Allen White.

No matter now. The corn stands knee-high, the winter wheat is about to come in, and Emporia can afford to forget Babson as it goes about its task of helping to feed the world, stimulated by the fact that wheat is selling at more than two dollars a bushel.

IT takes some time for an expatriate returning to Emporia to become reaccustomed to the casual but basic friendliness of its people. The day after I got back, I happened into a drygoods store run by a former schoolmate of mine. He was talking to some customers when I went in, so I dawdled around until they left and then walked over to him. "Hello," he said at once. "How've you been?" Half an hour later, at the bank, my sister, with whom I've been staying during my visit, pointed out a six-foot-four cowboy as another contemporary I had known. I introduced myself and he seized my hand. "Sure enough," he said. "I remember you." In a way, I was sorry that he had, for my hand ached all the rest of that day.

After the vicissitudes of dining in New York, I was hungry for beef as I had known it in my youth. The man to see, I was told, was Harold Trusler, the wheat and bust-site man. Trusler wrote me a note to his butcher, who, when I presented it, went into his icebox and came out with a side of beef of the sort that he reserves for his special customers. I indicated the size of the sirloin I wanted. After he had cut it, he trimmed off the bones and excess fat

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and *then* weighed it. It was one of the finest steaks I have ever eaten, more than enough for eight persons, and the price was $2.68. The secret of good beef, epicures here say, is, first, the age of the steer (three to four years is considered about right), second, corn-fattening, and, third, the distance the animal has been carted to slaughter. (If it travels a long way, it becomes tense, its muscles grow taut, and the results are apparent when the meat reaches the table.) My sirloin came from a four-year-old steer that had grazed on the long bluestem grass of the Flint Hills pastures, just west of Emporia, and had then been generously fattened on corn.

The whole country, they say, will have good beef again once the price falls. The explanation of this paradox is that when the price of meat is high, steers are rushed to the slaughterhouses much too young and insufficiently fattened, and the borderline between beef and veal becomes almost indistinguishable. When prices fall, cattle-raisers are inclined to hang on to and fatten their animals in hopes of a rise, and while they're hoping, the beef is becoming prime on the hoof, which is as it should be.

As for drinking, Kansas has been officially a dry state for more than half a century, but I have gained the impression from some of my acquaintances here that during the past two decades Emporia, at least, has started to mellow slightly. The other evening, at the home of a former mayor of the town, I enjoyed the best Martini I've tasted this side of New York. When I asked him if he had had to bring the ingredients in from Kansas City, he hemmed a bit and said that in his position he could not, of course, consider trafficking with bootleggers right in town.

"I should say not," said his wife, with a cheerful smile. "When he was mayor, he always made them stay out back of the cemetery, beyond the city limits."

MUCH as Emporia's boosters miss White, and view with dismay the town's declining national prestige, a few of them profess to see one bright hope for the future, and that is that the community will grow. Except for a brief period during the war, when large numbers of soldier students crowded in here to attend State Teachers, Emporia for years has had a population of around fourteen thousand. Champions and critics of the Sage alike have suggested from time to time that he favored this state of affairs and did his effective best to keep Emporia a small town. Now,

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as some of them see it, the lid is off. "Father White," one elderly gentleman said to me not long ago, "didn't want Emporia to grow. He was afraid he couldn't run more'n fourteen thousand, I guess. He was against paint salesmen, too, I figger. At least, the way things look now, the town sure could stand a few." —MURDOCK PEMBERTON

•

WIND ON CAPITOL HILL DEPT.
(RED PERIL AND MOTHER O' MINE DIVISION)

[*Mr. Morris of Oklahoma, quoted in the Congressional Record*]

Russia is not as large today as it was a hundred years ago, it is not as large as it was 30 years ago. It used to contain all of Poland and all of Finland, as well as most of what it contains now. Russia defeated little Finland, but it did not take Finland over. Why? It is hard for any nation to take over another nation even though it is small. I say to you that communism and Russia cannot accomplish what you say they can.

I have never in my life been in a group of people who are as easily scared as you gentlemen are—never in my life. I fought in a number of actual battles, some of the bloodiest that were fought in the First World War; I fought a number of legal battles in the court room, and I have fought a number of political battles, but never have I seen anybody scared as badly as you are. You are a whole lot more scared of Russia than the people of this country are.

The distinguished gentleman from Illinois, and he is eloquent, spoke of Mother's Day. He said that pretty soon Mother's Day would be here and he had something beautiful to say about mothers. All of our hearts responded to that. I am wondering what the mothers of our Nation will say. We have taken their lads twice, and even some of their lassies, into bloody wars. For God's sake, let us not do that again. I know your purpose will not be that. God knows I know your purpose is good; but let us think, my friends.

If I were hanged on highest hill,
  Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine
I know whose love would follow still;
  Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine
If I were drowned in deepest sea,
  Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine
I know whose tears would come down to me;
  Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine.
If I were cursed of body and soul,
  Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
  Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine.

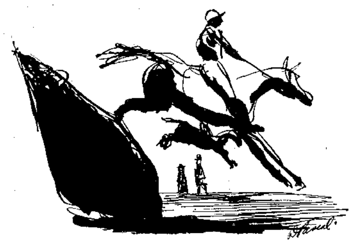
I think it would be a pretty good idea for those of us whose mothers are still living to ask them what they are thinking. They are away from the turmoil and the confusion here and maybe their thoughts would be a little clearer than ours; and to those who are not fortunate enough to have a mother living, I respectfully suggest that you ask yourselves this question: What would your mother have done under these circumstances? Or what would your father have done?

THE RACE TRACK

Stamping Ground

THERE'S life in old Stymie yet. Last weekend, at the Jamaica track, where he has trained for so many years, he won the Questionnaire Handicap very easily. Before the race, paddock critics thought that he didn't look well, an opinion I confess I shared; his coat lacked its usual sheen and he didn't step along in the parade with his customary ginger. It was difficult to find much wrong with Stymie's running, however. Trailing far behind Round View, the pacesetter, for about six furlongs, he moved up smoothly on the long turn for home, took the lead at the head of the stretch, and finished lengths in front of the next contender, Brown Mogul, a huge animal who can put in some good licks of speed despite his lumbering gait. Concordian was third, Round View was fourth, and came back to the scales quite lame. Natchez, whose performance was not nearly up to his effort in the Suburban, was fifth. Stymie's share of the purse was $18,225, which brought him up to second place on the list of great money-winners, with a total of $574,660—only $2,010 less than Assault's. Both Stymie and Assault are eligible for the fifty-thousand-dollar Butler Handicap at Jamaica on July 12th, and I expect that both will run in the hundred-thousand-dollar Empire Gold Cup at Belmont a week later. It's a safe bet that Stymie will start in the Butler, but the chances are that Assault will hold off until the Gold Cup, which is a longer race and more to his liking. This pursuit of the high dollar should at least take your mind off all the claiming events for Class D horses.

Except for the Questionnaire and a couple of other races, there wasn't much worth your attention during the first week of the Empire City Association's meeting at Jamaica. In the Fleetwing Handicap, on opening day, Brown Mogul did a lively bit of sprinting through the stretch to beat Owners Choice, who had led up to the last few strides, and on Wednesday, Saggy, giving four pounds to Inseparable and up to sixteen to the rest of the runners, won the Wakefield Stakes. You can put Saggy down as a superior mudder, for he ran the six furlongs over a sloppy track in 1:11⅗. As you may have noticed, the attendance at Jamaica has been falling off; last Saturday, only twenty-eight thousand turned up for the Questionnaire. My gadabout outside man says that a lot of racegoers prefer Monmouth, and I wouldn't be surprised if he is right.



I'M not a very passionate admirer of the jumping races at the New York tracks (especially those little dandies over the hurdles at Aqueduct), but I never give up hoping to find a good one. The best I've seen this year was the Georgetown Steeplechase Handicap, won by Genancoke, at Delaware Park last week. It was just another ten-thousand-dollar event, but it seemed like a championship, for the thirteen participants included the winners of most of the season's important steeplechases. Nine-year-old Elkridge, who carried a hundred and sixty-two pounds, led bravely for more than a mile and a half of the course—which starts in the infield, crosses the main track, runs past the stables, and returns to the infield, unlike most steeplechase courses, which just go around and around the infield—but he tired badly after Genancoke, whom the boys naturally call Ginancoke, passed him half a mile from home. Tourist List was second, and Floating Isle third. Only two starters failed to finish the course, which is more difficult than any hereabouts.

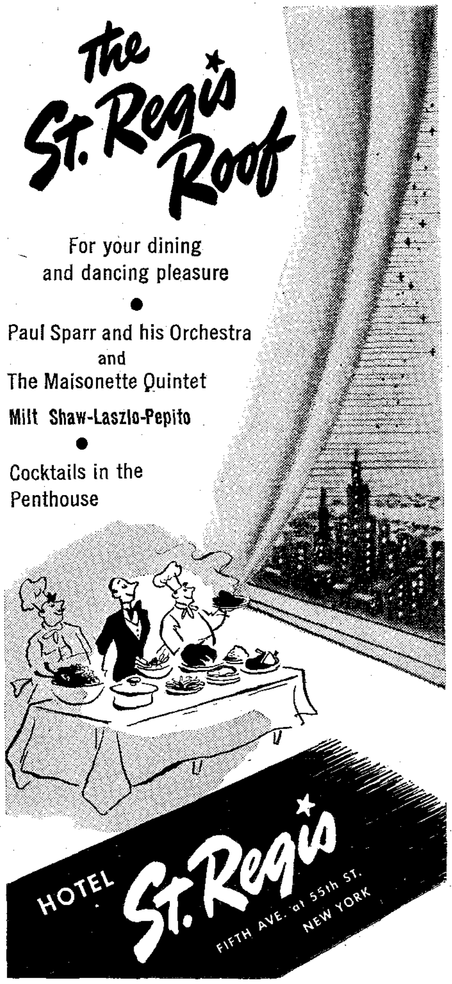
Delaware Park has developed, in its ten years of operation, into the pleasantest country racecourse in the East. It is modelled, I believe, after the one at Aintree, and it has plenty of grass and trees, no more concrete than necessary, and an atmosphere that reminds you of Keeneland. My favorite spot is still the high, flat-topped hill overlooking the paddock and the track. The only complaints I have—and I must have at least two about anything—are that Delaware Park is so far from New York and that this meeting ends on Saturday.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Bill Holden is disposing of his large collection of gins. Reason—with a growing child around the house he and his wife, Brenda Marshall, are taking no chances of any accident.—*Daily Variety.*

Best to be on the safe side.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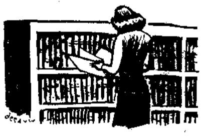
BOOKS

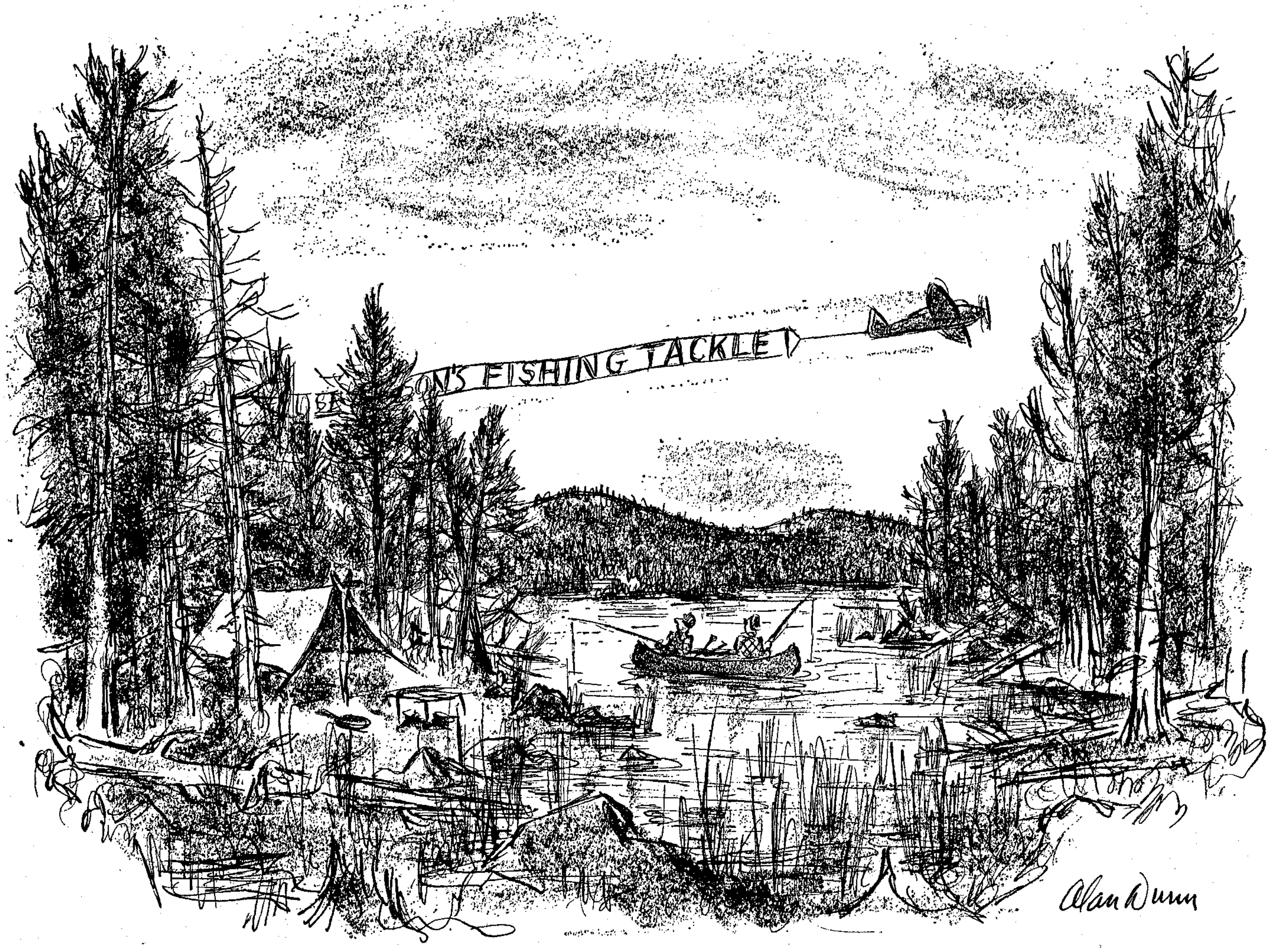
Slow, Steady Shocker



MYSTERY readers, whose individual tastes are abnormally specialized, have become accustomed to having the contents of their fiction classified and labelled for them, like canned goods. This is sometimes a convenient system, since it may save an admirer of pure deduction, say, from the chore of following the activities of a private dick, but it does a great disservice to a mystery of the calibre of "Strange Story," by Hilda Lewis (Random House), which has been prominently ticketed by its publishers as a "psychological murder novel"—a tag that has come to connote bogus psychiatry rather than an honest attempt to dig into the motives leading to murder. "Strange Story" has nothing in common with the insulin-and-amnesia school of writing. In technique, it belongs with "Before the Fact." On the other hand, Mrs. Lewis, an English novelist who has only recently turned to mystery writing, has no patience with the county tennis-playing set in Francis Iles' reliable old landmark or with the urbane and often roguish manner in which Mr. Iles and his successors portray the disaster of murder. She has Mr. Iles' really marvellous talent for keeping the reader's blood pressure up, but unfortunately her style is exclamatory and her characterization sprinkled with such obvious devices as cries of "Coo!" or "Fancy!" to indicate inferior social standing.

The tragedy in "Strange Story" results, like so many actual murders, from an accumulation of small irritations between two people—in this case, between twin sisters, Lil and Rose, who lacerate each other's nerves for twenty years in the course of growing up in a small city in the Midlands just after the first World War. Lil is the kind of girl who puts herself together with safety pins, shoves her belongings under the bed instead of tidying up, and never lacks escorts. Rose, clearly not an identical twin, is bookish and pathologically neat, and aspires to be a schoolteacher, not because she particularly likes children but because teaching is genteel. In addition, Rose has a very unsettling experience with one of her sister's young men, whom Lil eventually marries. The girls' relationship, understandably, is highly explosive, and when Rose comes to realize that she is in love with her sister's husband, it detonates. It can't, of course, be revealed whether it is Lil who is finally exasperated to the point of doing away with Rose or whether it's the other way around; indeed, one of the most admirable features of this superbly plotted story is the fact that either alternative is completely possible. A further, and excellent, turn of the screw is given when a third person is arrested and becomes the pathetic central figure in a deftly handled murder trial. The end of the tale, it might be added, is ghastly enough, in its quiet way, to satisfy the severest of moralists.

Some readers, attuned to the hopped-up tempo of the average mystery, may



complain that "Strange Story" is fairly slow, at least in its first third. The fact is that like the more nerve-racking variety of thunderstorm it takes its own time building up, and when the debacle does come, its violence is all the more shocking. Few people, I should think, could avoid being thoroughly disturbed by this book. —ANGELICA GIBBS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

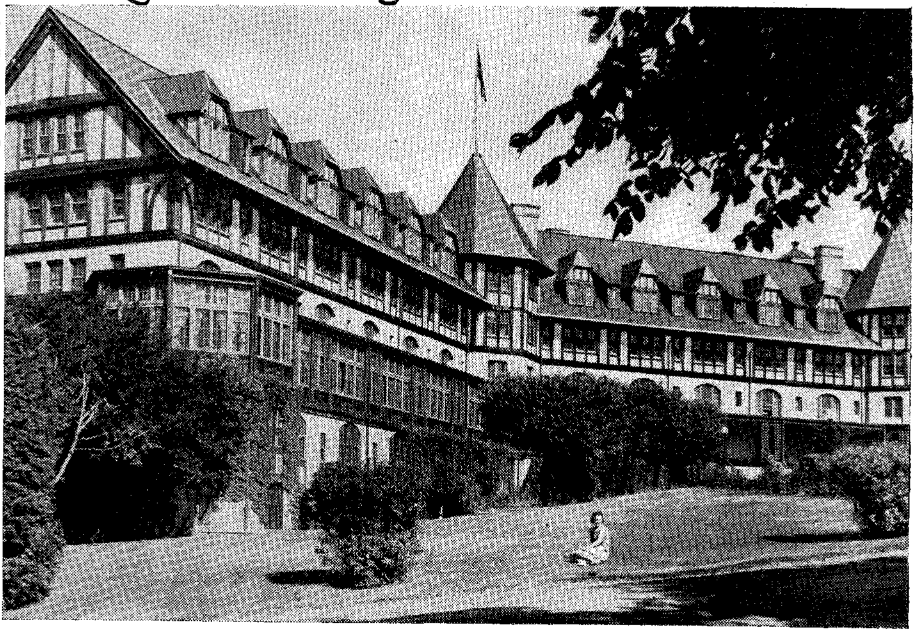
ALBERT SEARS, by Millen Brand (Simon & Schuster). The chief character of this restrained, not entirely successful novel is an elderly mechanic—a harsh, high-principled man, who, because of his wife's insistence on holding him to a loveless marriage, is prevented from legalizing his long-standing attachment for the mother of his young son. As if the emotions involved in this situation were not theme enough for one novel, Mr. Brand brings in the problem of racial discrimination, which arises when a Negro family moves into the mechanic's white neighborhood. This compassionate excursion into the ways of social injustice, though honest and objective, apparently takes the author's mind off the development of his very promising major characters and it gives the novel the effect of not having been clearly thought out. Mr. Brand, who writes well and intelligently, underplays his emotional situations with great integrity. The result is a rather static narrative, clearly and firmly written, but oddly lacking in warmth.

THE OTHER ROOM, by Worth Tuttle Hedden (Crown). A warmhearted, superficial, and rather girlishly written story about a young woman of a proud Southern family who takes a teaching job in a New Orleans college that, she learns when she gets there, is for Negroes. There follows the slow and wholly admirable breakdown of the girl's inherited prejudices, but the novel, unfortunately, is likely to interest only those who confuse good propaganda with good writing.

GENERAL

LINCOLN THE LIBERAL STATESMAN, by J. G. Randall (Dodd, Mead). It has become something of a fad to pluck a statesman out of history, tag him "liberal" (which publishers have discovered is a profitable label these days), and then write a biography,

Ready... Set... go to EASTERN CANADA



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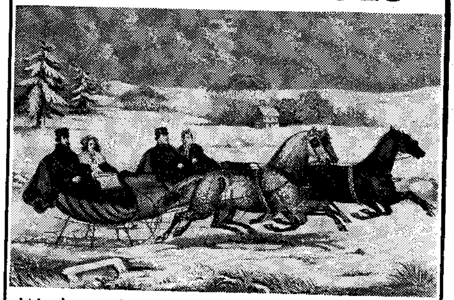

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ONE-DAY ROUND TRIPS: To Indian Point, Bear Mountain, Newburgh, Poughkeepsie (also West Point, except Sundays). Lv. West 42nd St. Pier 10:00 A. M. (D.S.T.).

See New York daily papers for complete timetable.

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full of after-the-fact wisdom, that reconstructs the man to conform to the present-day notion of what a liberal is. In this case, Dr. Randall—author of the magnificent "Lincoln the President," published in 1945—does not, of course, have to rely on such manipulation, but even so, his treatment of some of the President's political deals and of his many undoubtedly Tory words and actions smacks of special pleading. There is a chapter titled "The Unpopular Mr. Lincoln," in which the author presents the opposite side of the picture, as seen by some of Lincoln's contemporaries, which is more forthright. Illustrations.

DARK DECEMBER, by Robert E. Merriam (Ziff-Davis). The story of the Battle of the Bulge, by a man presumably well qualified to write it. Mr. Merriam, during the critical weeks after December 16, 1944, served at times with Ninth Army Headquarters and at times with the Seventh Armored Division. Later, he became chief of the Ardennes section of the War Department's Historical Division and supervised the compiling of the official history of the Western Front's greatest battle. After the Nazi surrender, he interviewed nearly all the German and American commanders who were concerned in the battle—among them von Rundstedt, Keitel, and Dietrich (who furnished some fascinating stuff on Hitler), on one side, and Eisenhower, Bradley, and Hodges, on the other—to document his account of the offensive. The book ends with an inquiry into what the author calls "Myths of the Ardennes"—that there was a plot to assassinate Eisenhower, that Patton played the decisive part in the Bulge, that von Rundstedt was the instigator of the offensive, and that Bradley's attacks in November forced the Germans to move prematurely and thereby weakened the force of their drive. Maps.

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LIFE ON LONG ISLAND DEPT.

[*From the Garden City* (*L.I.*) *Newsday*]

The human touch of the week end was the waltz Martha and Chuck Breasted did at their barn party with their two-months-old infant girl. It was time for both the baby's feeding and the next waltz. Not to miss either, Martha, dressed in her wedding gown of another decade, wrapped the wee girl in her blue blanket, held her close, and waltzed with her goodlooking husband to make the feature of the party.

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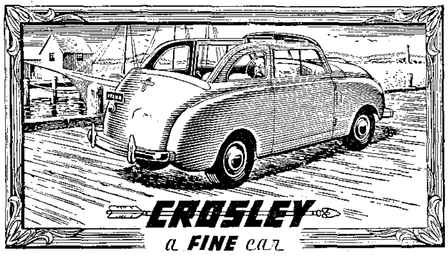

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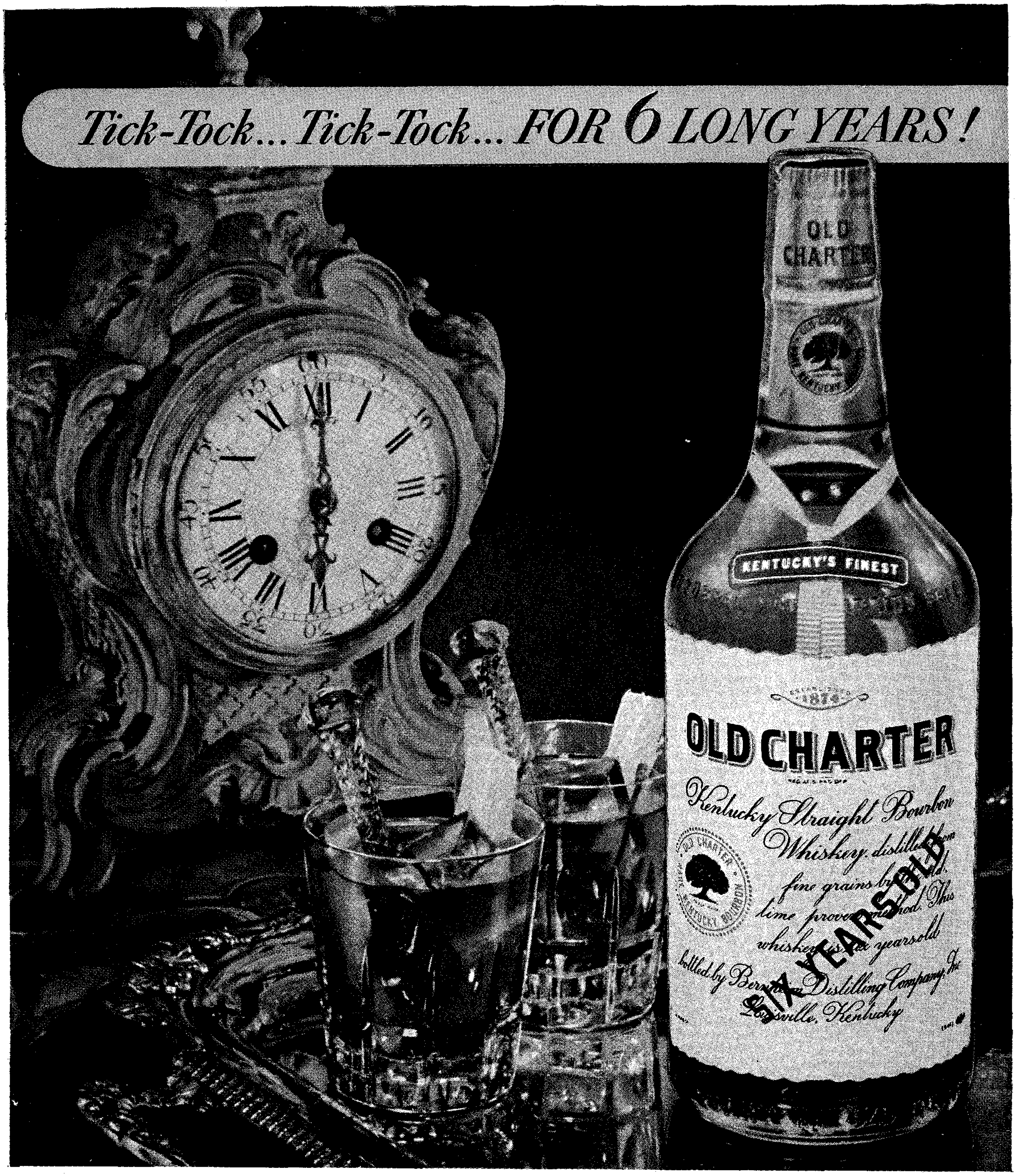
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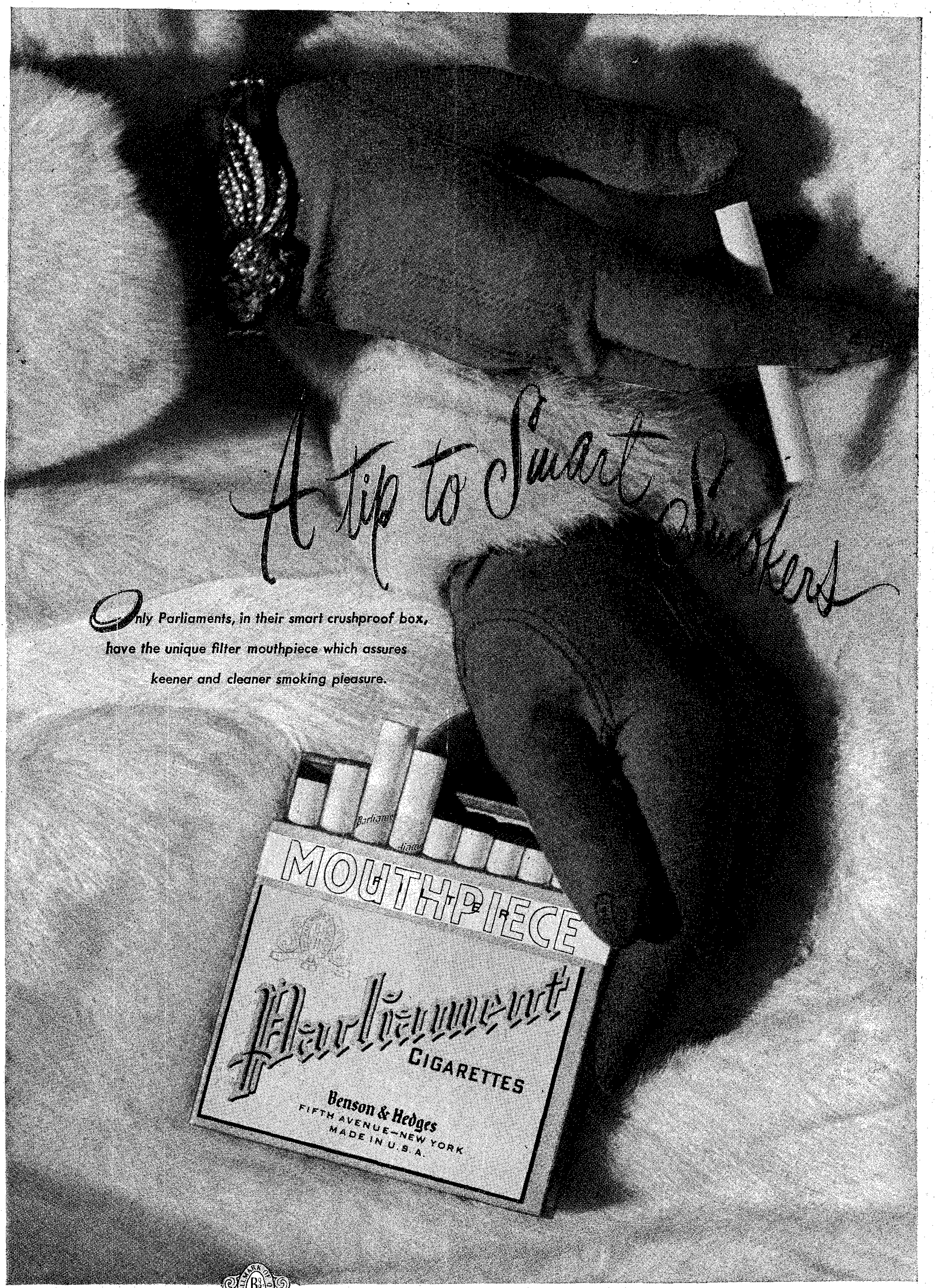
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